THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"MARRIED."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. S. COREY.

The blow hath struck, and suddenly; it smites
me to the dust,
How can another wear the wealth of worship I
have lost!
I little thought the agony that surged in thy
farewell
Could ripple into blessedness; a new love weave
its spell
Above the old love's glow and gloom, its blos-
som and its blight;
And a dear presence crowd my face from all thy
dreams to-night.
Her temples press thy bosom now; her hands
among thy hair
Are nestled lovingly as mine in sunny days that
were;
Her lips are meeting blessed lips, are touching
cheek and brow,
And shaping old caressing words to mine for-
bidden now.
I seem to hear them syllable the pet names o'er
and o'er;
I see the white arms folded where my own were
clasped of yore,
I hear thy softly answering voice; its echoes
haunt me yet,
Oh but to drown its tenderness, to slumber and
forget!
Oh for the rest the sleepers find the summer
flowers beneath!
I wonder if I should forget this bitterness in
death!
I thought the torture of the past, the long and
heavy pain,
Had sobbed itself to sleep at last, and could not
wail again.
That the suffering, the sharp regret, had worn
itself away;
And life for both had grown a still, sad, shroud-
ed, autumn day.
It is not so! Mine hath the storm that darkens
all the blue,
While broad the shadows break from thine, and
let the sunlight through.
Oh, darling, tread the shining ways through all
the coming years!
I would not have thee share the gloom, the
tempest, and the tears.
'Tis well this bitter, surging grief can never
sweep to thee,
Nor jar the music of thy life with its deep
agony.
I know this first fierce strife will pass, and in
the calmer days
'Twill comfort much to know thy feet have
turned in pleasant ways;
That of two lives so severed, a brightness fell
on one,
And warmed its roses into bloom, though late
their summer shone.
So, darling, dream thy happy dreams, and haunt
the past no more!
It is enough for one to weep along a desert
shore.
This blinding storm must end at last, this tem-
pest cease to rave;
And I no longer warring with the fate the
Father gave,
Shall lose this sense of bitterness, and feel the
doom was right,
That gave a glory to thy life, and shrouded
mine in night.

LOVE'S BLOOM AND MELODY!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANNIE SEARS FISKE.

A wild bird sang on a wintry bough,
Out in the brown old forest;
When the frost had slain the tender leaves,
And the pale year's need was sorest
For such sweet songs as the May birds sing,
When earth is green 'neath the steps of Spring!

A red rose blossomed against the wall—
Reddened and blossomed brightly;
While the stars came out from broken clouds
To watch and bless it nightly;
A dream of Summer, red, red it hung,
And Summer-glory on Autumn flung!

So by the hearth-stone I call my own,
A wild bird's wingiet pauses—
Though from sweep to sweep of the great sea-
waves,
I own no lands nor houses—
No gold that gleams on the Indian shore
Can tempt the bird from my lowly door.

Though coldly the frosts of Autumn gleam
Over my blanched tresses,
A red rose blossoms adown my life,
And every pulse-beat blesses;—
Red rose, sweet bird! may ye bloom and sing
Into the glory of endless Spring!

☞ A profound observer remarks: "I have often observed at public entertainments, that when there is anything to be seen, and everybody wants particularly to see it, everybody immediately stands up and effectually prevents anybody from seeing anything."

The Skeleton in the Chapel.

A short time ago, after I had retired to my room for the night, some events occurred so extraordinary and unaccountable, that I can no longer refrain from laying them before the public, in the hope that some ingenious person may be able to throw some light on the tissue of supernatural proceedings which took place before my eyes, and which I am anxious to write down exactly as they occurred, while they are still quite fresh in my memory.

But, that my tale may not be supposed to be merely the result of an excited mind or a superstitious temperament, I solemnly assure my readers that I am not nervous, and that I do not—or, rather, that I did not—believe in ghosts. Disbelief in the supernatural was almost a part of my religion, and many a time have I laughed at my sisters as they walked along the passages of our old house, clinging to each other, and peering carefully into all the deep recesses and dark corners, after some tale of horror had been told in the twilight, making their blood run cold. To me, such stories were mere evidences of the credulity of my neighbors, as I never failed to account for them all, satisfactorily to myself, by the admission of human agency, and concealed mechanism. But now my creed is shaken, and my security gone.

I must first describe my home. Part of it is so old that no accurate date has ever been assigned to it, though popular tradition asserts that it was built by one Sir Ralph de B———, the boon companion of madcap Harry, and the sharer of the wild frolics of his youth, and in his steadier and regal days his devoted follower through many a bloody field, on one of which he won his spurs, being knighted by his master on the field of battle. At length, being full of years and honors, he obtained permission of the monarch to retire from active service; and enriched with the spoils of war, he proposed to end his days in peace and comfort in the strong castle he had caused to be erected on the spot where my paternal home now stands, and of which one dilapidated wing, now remaining, forms part of our present habitation. This wing I must describe minutely.

The ground-floor consists of a long, low room, formerly the dining-hall, and now used as a lumber-room. It has a deep recess, for a fire-place, at one end, and in the other and along one side, are narrow lancet windows, through which the light tries almost in vain to penetrate, so thickly are they overgrown with ivy. Above this are several decaying floors, which divided the dining-hall from the living-rooms, and these again from the chapel, which, in accordance with the beautiful notion which prevailed in the olden time, was built near the roof, that the prayers of the believers might the more readily ascend to Heaven. The stones with which it was built were fast crumbling away, and were thickly covered with moss and lichen; the rafters overhead were few, and broken, and gave easy access to the birds and bats, who were now its only inhabitants. This desolate scene often brought to my mind the lines in the beautiful poem of a great author now lately dead—

"The wild bird rears its callow young
Where once the pealing anthem rung."

The more modern part of the house, which was of the date of Queen Anne, had been built by Sir Hugo de B———, when he had retrieved the fortunes of his family by long service in foreign parts, and returned to England in the early part of the eighteenth century, to find the home of his fathers a burnt and blackened ruin; for his father, so runs the legend, had offended Cromwell by conveying secret assistance to King Charles, and in revenge the Roundheads set fire to his castle one dark night, and burnt it to the ground, all except the portion described above, which somehow escaped the flames. This old part was joined to the new house by a long dark passage, now never used, and the door at the end, which opened into the remains of a kind of gallery which ran along one side of the chapel, was kept locked and bolted, and had been so from time immemorial. My own room was the nearest inhabited one to this passage, and was near enough to the ruin for the screams and wild cries of the strange birds, who often assembled there at night, to reach my ears, and sometimes almost to prevent my sleeping; and often too I heard the wind whistling and moaning round the old walls like a melancholy spirit; but these sounds never made me nervous, I knew too well what they were. More to please my friends than myself, a loaded revolver was always kept beside my bed, in case of any adventurous burglar climbing up the rotten old stairs which led from the dining-hall to the chapel, and thence along the edge of the battlement to my window—a thing which might easily be done.

On the night in question, from force of habit, I examined the loading and priming of my barrels before going to bed, and felt convinced that I was fully a match (with such effective friends as they were) for any man who might choose to disturb my slumbers.

For some reason I could not go to sleep, and lay tossing restlessly in my bed, getting more and more angry at my unusual wakefulness, and occasionally consulting my watch by the light of the moon, which streamed brightly into my room. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, and still I lay wide awake. I was just thinking, in despair, of getting up and taking a book, when I heard a sound, so mysterious, so thrilling, and yet so distant, that I ran hastily to the window to see whether some persons were not calling for help in the park. I could see nothing and was trying to convince myself that it was all imagination, when the sound was repeated; and this time there was no doubt about it; it was the cry of a woman, a wild, despairing, agonizing cry, and now it sounded nearer. I was turning to the door, intending to rush out and give the alarm, when a hand was laid on my shoulder—a cold, icy, heavy hand. I turned my head, and saw—nothing! The pressure of those fingers was distinct, firm, and resolute. I was rooted to the ground with horror. Then from out the silence rose again that bitter shriek, more wild, more agonizing, more prolonged. I cannot describe the horror of it, nor can I describe the sense of utter helplessness and incapacity which seized me while those icy fingers pressed on my shoulder; they seemed to chill and freeze my very being, and almost to deprive me of consciousness. I had an intuitive feeling that I must make some strong effort, or lose my senses. I made it. I sprang forward, seized my revolver, and fired it wildly over my shoulder. The fingers relaxed their hold. I heard a low, mocking laugh, and something like a cold breeze passed by me. I began to breathe again, and looked round. Unconsciously I fixed my eyes on the broad ray of moonlight that streamed into the room. As I looked at it another ray of light, cold and blue, seemed to cross it at right angles; by degrees it became clearer, and a certain part of it seemed to grow more dense. Gradually it assumed a form; the form of a child, with its hands clasped over its heart; and between its fingers trickled—oh, horror!—a stream of blood! I could not take my eyes off it. It came nearer, floating on that false moon-beam. It came close to me, stopped, raised one hand, and beckoned me to follow. It was not courage, nor my own wish, but an irresistible impulse which compelled me to follow it. Slowly it glided through the door, which opened of its own accord, along the long unused passage, through the bolted door at the end, and which opened, like the other, into the gallery of the old chapel. Again it raised one hand, and pointed into the chapel below, and vanished. But how can I describe the sight which met my eyes? The chapel, instead of wearing its usual desolate and ruined aspect, was now gorgeously decorated in that rich and fanciful guise of which the Roman Catholic worship admits. But the details I could not distinguish, for it was but dimly lighted by two candles near the altar, and one small lamp in a distant corner. By degrees the light grew brighter, and flickered on the golden chains of the censers, and on the bright gilt frame of the large altar-piece, and disclosed to me the scene which I endeavored calmly to paint, though the recollection of it, and of the horrible sensation of that cold hand, which I again felt on my shoulder, almost deprives me of the power of calm reflection even now. Had it continued longer, I am convinced I must have gone mad. On the altar-steps lay the form of a lovely boy, dead, and with a stream of blood flowing from his heart, dyeing the stone with its crimson stain. Near the body of the murdered child stood a girl with head averted, listening to the words of a young man who was evidently entreating her to grant some request, for he knelt on one knee before her, and in so doing turned his head. Shall I ever forget that countenance? So wicked—so hypocritical—so demoniacal! He held a dagger in his hand, but held it out of sight of the girl, whose face I could not see, but whose size and figure gave me the idea of her being about seventeen or eighteen years old. He seemed to beg and beg more earnestly, and she as firmly to refuse. Suddenly he started to his feet, and pointed to a distant corner of the chapel, where I saw the lantern gleaming. The girl turned her face imploringly towards him. I caught sight of it as she did so; it was pale and beautiful, and her long tresses of light, waving hair hung negligently down her back. This time she seemed to be imploring, and he refusing; at last she fell to the ground, fainting, and, with a glare of triumphant malice, he seized her by her hair and arm, and dragged her across the chapel to the spot where the lamp was burning. I followed them with my eyes, and saw—a hole in the wall, evidently recently made; a workman, with stones and mortar, standing beside it. Could he?—no, the idea was too horrible—and yet, yes, he *is* going to wall her up alive! I tried to scream, to leap headlong into the chapel; but no, I lost all consciousness from that moment.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on the ledge which I have before described as forming the remains of the old gallery, the moon shining coldly through the rafters, and the chapel in its usual state of solitude and ruin. I began to hope it might be all a dream—a fearfully vivid one; but no, the door which had opened of its own accord to my supernatural guide, was now locked and bolted on the *chapel* side, so that it *could not* have been unfastened from the passage. By climbing down the crumbling wall I reached the floor of the chapel, thence by a stairway to the battlements, along the edge of them to my window, which was fastened on the inside; breaking a pane I undid the latch, and let myself in. The door was locked on the inside. One of the barrels of my revolver had been fired. This, then, was no dream—no fancy.

As soon as I saw the first laborers coming to their work in the morning, I called to them to come to the chapel with pickaxes, and desiring them to pull down the wall which last night had appeared so freshly disturbed, but which now was moss-grown like the rest, I sat down to view the result of the investigations. As I expected, the wall returned a hollow sound at the first blow; and ere long a perfect skeleton was discovered. The surprise of the workmen was great, not so my own. What a fearful tragedy had been enacted here! But who were the actors? Who were the victims?

Since writing the above, I have made a careful search through the family papers, in the hope of eliciting something which might throw some light on the dark scene in the chapel.

After much trouble in deciphering the old, half-destroyed records, I think I have succeeded. On one torn scrap of parchment I find the following words: "In ye yeare 1630 dyed Sir Reginalde. To his sone, young Master Raymonde, the good knight leaves his all; in default of haire, the inheritance will go to the sister of the young Sir Raymonde, Mistress Elizabeth, now aged of eighteen years."

Another story, and one which seems to apply strongly to the scene I witnessed, I gather from the tattered remains of a kind of journal kept probably by some old retainer of the family. "One nighte of this year (1621) a sad tragedie did happen. The younge Sir Raymonde and his faire sister were loste. Mastere Guy, who had come to the castle in hopes to win for his wife his cousin, Mistress Elizabeth, caused great searche to be made for them; and soon brought newes that the body of the younge Sir Raymonde had been found by himself lying dead on ye steps of ye highe altare, slain, as it did seem, by a dagger. Nor had more than three daies passed, when he did declare to us that likewise the bodie of his faire cousin was found, in a river of water, distant five miles away, and that his vassals were bringing her dead bodie in a faire coffin to be buried in the olde chapelle with ye bodie also of her brothere. Sir Guy was now, by inheritance, master, and did give orders for the burying of his cousins. Ye bodie of our deare Mistress Elizabeth came, nailed up in a coffin, so that none of her olde retainers did look on her sweete face again. For her loss they grieved much; the more that Sir Guy was a hard mastere to them, and being false both to Cromwell and to Charles, his castle was burned about his ears, and he was forced to fly for life to France. We heard he was slaine in a duel, and no one grieved for him."

I had the supposed coffin of Elizabeth de B. examined, and, as I anticipated, it was empty; nor was there a trace of its ever having been otherwise. This is all I have been able to glean on the subject, and it certainly affords a key to the scene which I saw, and the skeleton, which was exhibited to many, is one proof amongst others that what I went through that night was no dream, but an inexplicable vision actually seen by my waking sight.

The lover is a monarch; his heart is the world: he stalks a Colossus, with the little affairs of the universe, the wars, and politics, playing at bo-peep about his legs. With a sigh in his ear, just fresh and palpitating from the bosom of love, and its fellow half-strangled in the throat as it leaps to respond, your lover has neither sense nor comprehension for the dull actualities that other men bruise their patience against. To him, past and present, loss and profit, good and ill, are merged into one sensation; a kiss blots out the universe, and the rapturous ecstacy that tingles in his blood is light, day, respiration—the sum of everything which makes up existence.

Force and Persuasion.—When Themistocles went to Andros, to demand a loan of money, he said: "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion." He was answered, "We have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 30, 1865.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In our next paper—the first of the New Year—we design publishing the commencement of Mr. Bennett's promised story, which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST.

We trust that those of our old subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions will send on their names at once, as there very probably will be a great demand for the numbers containing Mr. Bennett's story, which may exhaust the supply. And whoever else may be disappointed, we should dislike to tell any of our old friends that the edition was exhausted, and that we could not supply them with back numbers.

A CURIOUS CASE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen (recently Mrs. Akers) began writing many years ago under the signature of Florence Percy. Under that name she has published a large number of beautiful poems, which give her a high rank among the poetesses of America.

Three or four years ago we received a letter from a gentleman in one of the North-Western states, saying that a lady in his neighborhood claimed to be Florence Percy, and asking whether it was so. We replied, stating who Florence Percy really was—and this was the last we heard of that Western claimant, though we have an idea that there were several others in other parts of the country.

Now we notice that in Mrs. Swisshelm's "*Reconstructionist*," lately commenced in Washington, she gives the credit of the fine poem of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," to a "Miss Lizzy Alger," of New York City. Mrs. Swisshelm says:—

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."—This exquisite poem which has been repeatedly set to music, and has become household words in millions of homes, was written by Miss Lizzy Alger, of New York City. She wrote it in Europe, while overwhelmed with grief for the loss of the mother so touchingly called. She sent a copy to her guardian, Dr. Clarke, an eminent surgeon of New York City, who had one hundred copies printed on white satin, and distributed to the personal friends of the writer. We are well acquainted with a lady in Washington, a near relative of the lamented Major-General Sedgewick, to whom one of these copies was sent, and who cherished it years before the poem first appeared under the signature of Florence Percy. We have the facts from this lady, and know from her that Miss Alger steadily refuses, to permit any of her friends to assert the authorship.

We think that Mrs. Swisshelm, if she investigates the matter with her usual clearness of vision and soundness of judgment, will find that she has unintentionally done Mrs. Allen a great wrong. In the first place, if Miss Alger could write "Rock Me to Sleep," why has she never written any other poems which will bear some comparison with it? Mrs. Allen has written many such. "Rock Me to Sleep" may be the most popular of her poems with the great public; but certainly with critics and with poets, it will not take the *first* place among her compositions. We think, for ourselves, that she has written several poems far superior to it in merit.

We think if Mrs. Swisshelm will write to Dr. Clarke, and get copies of the bills for printing on white satin the poem of "Rock Me to Sleep" she will find that said printing was not done previous to the publication of the said poem in the SATURDAY EVENING POST. H. P.

COURAGE.

"Is courage befitting a woman?" was asked yesterday by a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, who had, with others, been listening to some facts with regard to a lady who shall be nameless.

"Yes," we answer; "courage is as necessary to a woman as to a man. Why not?"

"It has ever seemed to me," she answered, "that fortitude, rather than courage, should belong to a woman."

"True, fortitude enables us to endure, but we want courage to act. It is not for a woman to lead armies, although Joan of Arc did it very worthily; not every woman that has the wish to be a Zenobia or a Cleopatra. But there is not a day of woman's life that she is not called upon to be courageous."

"It is the little foxes that spoil the vines"—the little annoyances and petty stings from within and without. The sympathizing wife, the careful mother, the patient nurse, cannot well accomplish her task without courage. Courage to bridle her own spirit, and then to help others govern theirs. How many hours of despondency, sorrow, and dread, just because one had not the courage to speak in the right time and place. Sleepless nights and careworn days invite despondency and fear. Courage is necessary to throw this aside, to rise above it; to look duty in the face, and to meet it cheerfully. Every one knows that it is far easier to meet a great evil, than it is to pass over a little, stinging annoyance—we are prepared for the first, but the last finds us off our guard.

If the mother needs courage, so does the sister—courage to ask her brother to put down the glass, to throw aside the cigar; courage to ask him to stay and make home pleasant to the little ones. Not only the wife, the mother, and the sister need courage; it is just as essential to the belle in society, the charming, fascinating woman; courage to frown down all that is low, base, ignoble: courage to give her smiles and her hand to the worthiest, independent of the mere accidents of birth and fortune. How few ladies have the courage even to wear a bonnet that is becoming to them, to dress their hair with taste, and to wear their dresses of becoming length, neither looped up to show an elaborate skirt, or long enough to sweep the streets for the gentlemen, but of the exact length to be free from speck or blemish. Women should be taught to be courageous. There are few things that would tend to make them happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they associate than courage.

There are many women—sensible in other things—whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage, and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest.

We see this in a great many things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of Margaret of Anjou, Mary Queen of Scots, or Marie Antoinette. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, low, ignoble feeling, to be detested in a man, and frowned down in a woman. The statue of fear would not be one that a woman would want carved for herself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH." By CHARLES KINGSLY. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

"WINNING HIS WAY." By CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN. Published by Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Ashmead & Evans.

"LITTLE FOXES." By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. Published by Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Ashmead & Evans.

"PATRIOT BOYS AND PRISON PICTURES." By EDMUND KIRK. Published by Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Ashmead & Evans.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. The January number is for sale by Mr. T. B. Pugh, Chestnut and Sixth streets, Philadelphia.

"A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION." By W. M. THAYER. Author of "The Pioneer Boy." Published by Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston. For sale by Jas. K. Simms, Philadelphia.

THE following letter addressed to a person in this city, by a gentleman of South Carolina, belonging to an old and influential family there, may be interesting to our readers as an exposition of Southern feeling.

"The issue was made,—the sword was the arbiter, and the decision has been against us. We abide the consequences. We accept the result as in the decrees of an over-ruling Providence which orders the affairs of nations, and controls their destinies. For myself, I am so firm a believer in the special providence of God in the affairs of nations and of individuals, and have so schooled and disciplined my wishes in accordance with what I consider His will, that I think I may say with an honest heart I accept what seems to me the providence of God in this affair with satisfaction and contentment.

"I know that what has been done was by His permission and in accordance with His will. Not by human power alone, but by that as His instrument for effecting that which He designed to effect. Believing this, I abide by His decision cheerfully, in full faith of its wisdom and rightfulness.

"With respect to our servile institution, I had been educated to consider it a humane institution, and my connection with it where I had the best opportunity of judging, only served to strengthen the opinion that (at least for a time) it was the best relation which could exist for both races living together. By the fortunes of war these relations have been destroyed. For this change we are not responsible. Others have ordered it, and upon them must rest the responsibility."

It is this responsibility that the people of the North feel must be met by the Freedmen's Commission. They know that the South will say it is our duty, and we feel that no obstacle should be thrown in our way by them in this humane and charitable work. The Freedmen's Commission has already an Eastern, Western, and Central Branch, and now proposes establishing a Southern Branch, which is expected to draw into it all those Southerners who see that it is a work of necessity and mercy, in which all can work amicably together.

In this way the Commission feels that the South can and will co-operate with the North, and that the work will thus be done, not over the heads of the Southerners, but with their advice and assistance.

The Women's Branch of the Freedmen's Relief Association, composed of energetic ladies of this city, have taken rooms at 416 Walnut street, where they receive supplies and pack them for the South. Donations of clothing, materials, and money are earnestly solicited.

CONCERNING THE WEEPING.

Willow Style of Novels.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

III.

In our village there dwelleth an old maiden who is an authoress. She plays the guitar and wears drab ringlets and a green dress. When asked to sing, she rolls up her eyes, tunes her pipes, touches her "light guitar," and in a voice nearly like the dulcet melody of a cracked fife, signifies to those around that she has:

"No one to love, none to car-r-r-ress!"

She appeared to my vision, *imprimis*, as follows, to wit: It was when that remarkable book, "Four years in Secessia," by Junius Henri Brown, had first let its light shine upon the world, and the village illuminati were criticising it. In a sudden pause I heard a voice say:

"I adore the book. Throughout its entire pages I discern foot-prints of a sorrowful mystery. A desolating sirocco must have cast a desiccating blight over his whole affectional nature, in the solemn vista of by-gone years."

"Hold my head a minute," quoth my nephew John Witton.

In such a manner I made the acquaintance of the celebrated author of "Watery Waste." Besides "Watery Waste," she has written "The Withered Heart," "Hope's Thunder-Clouds," and "The Mourner's End, and Other Tales." After that speech about Junius Henri Brown, I read her novels. I find that a "desolating sirocco" has swept all the common sense out of them; also that the author of "Watery Waste" stands not alone in that respect. I find that the same desolating sirocco has swept a perfect shower of just such witless novels all over my beloved America. I wish it had kindly swept the writers thereof along, and gently set them down in the Great Sea in the middle of Africa. Then indeed Minnie Anabel could have written about a Watery Waste from personal experience.

For I have lost my temper with these weeping-willow novel writers. Out upon the whole crew of them, I say! I have no patience with their stilted sentimentalism, their literary water-gruel and homœopathy. Can any human being in his right mind tolerate such stuff as this:

"He let the *cloudy splendor* of his eyes fall upon her for a moment," &c.

What do you think of that for a very popular American novel?

Or this:

"The short, matted curls were pushed from his wet brow by the peach-blossom tongue of the noble nankeen-colored dog."

Peach-blossom tongue of a nankeen dog!

There's a spasm of rhetoric for you.

It's worthy of a place in D'Israeli's "Curiosities in Literature." Give us the old Radcliffe raw beef and onion horrors, or the Children of the Abbey, where the "exquisite sensibility" of some blue-eyed maiden melts into tears about every half yard or so, rather than these blue blazes of metaphor.

To know "Watery Waste," is to know every weeping-willow novel in print. All have the same crowded streets of a great city, alternating chapter for chapter with a humble cottage in the country, the same noble old mansion where the same old housekeeper looks after the bodily comforts of a sallow, saturnine, middle-aged master, whose youth is shrouded in some impenetrable mystery, known only to this old housekeeper. There is the same spray of scarlet moss-buds stuck into the same astonishing raven hair, the trailing myrtle vine, the fountain, the improbable garden, the high-mettled bays, or chestnuts, or grays, as the case may be, the same impossible journeys to Europe, and the deaf, old house-dog, who "utters a low whine" at the sound of his master's steps, a quarter of a mile off. In fact, if I may be permitted to say so, the whole novel is mostly "a low whine." All exactly alike—with the same watery moralizing—and same feeble sarcasm—and puny wit. Not a line of good, vigorous, rugged English prose in them; in short, alas, not always even good grammar.

The young miss at boarding-school, reads them, and elopes with a spendthrift vagabond whom she mistakes for the hero of her novel. The stout, rosy-cheeked farmer's girl reads them, learns to despise her quiet home, and sighs to be thin and pale, to be a charity foundling, or a selfish uncle's ward—anything so that she may be shamefully abused, and a heroine. The spooney village dry-goods clerk reads them, and is a more hopeless spoon than ever.

That's why I protest with all my might against this silly trash. If it wrought no positive evil, even though doing no manner of earthly good, I should not open my mouth. But it does a world of harm among the weak-minded—the imaginative—the half-educated. I know a sickly looking youth, who fed upon this literature until he fancied himself a genius, took to opium-eating, and became an idiot. Such books are to the intellect exactly what cheap confectionery is to the body, the one giving dyspepsia to the human mind no less surely than the other gives it to the human stomach.

Away with these mooney, spooney novels! They commit such sins against grammar, physiology and common sense, that the very blank paper would fain cry out against them. They drape the world in an eternal curtain of rusty crape, and make life look as unhealthy as a potato sprout in a mouldy cellar. In their melancholy pages it is wrong to smile, except in a mopish, feeble-sweet sort of way, and an utter crime to laugh out aloud. They pile upon the backs of their unhappy heroines misfortunes and troubles and weak tragedy enough to sink the Great Eastern, as if in the gloomy common place of this our mortal life there were not already enough of real tragedy and real woe to chill the merriest heart. Usually the poor, much-tormented heroine falls sick of an outrageous, unheard-of fever, wherein she has her hair cut short, and blabs out all her heart's dearest secrets, besides from one to a dozen sorrowful mysteries, in open defiance of the well-known fact that people *never* reveal such things in a fever delirium.

There is a book in my mind now which will in a measure illustrate what I mean. Take "Rutledge," in many ways a well-written, vigorous book, but just look at it. Rutledge, himself, to begin, has his youth darkened by the everlasting, sorrowful mystery; then he suffers and worries and frets through life without a single ray of sunshine till he is an old man. Poor Phil, hopelessly in love with Josephine, consequently hopelessly unhappy. Josephine and her mother bitterly disappointed in their one earthly wish that Josephine shall marry Rutledge. Poor little Esther, first made almost an idiot, finally dies from the cruelty and neglect of her French nurse. Victor engaged to the heroine, who does not love him at all, murders the quack doctor and then shoots himself in the very house where his lady-love is. The unlucky heroine herself, besides the affectation of never having her name occur once in the whole book, is left an orphan, badly treated by her selfish aunt and cousin, in love with Rutledge, but engaged to Victor, who drives her to the verge of insanity by putting himself out of the world in the hasty manner above mentioned, and finally not having a real, true friend in the world except the old clergyman, and even he has to die and leave her utterly alone. I leave it to the enlightened judgment of any candid novel-reader whether "Rutledge" doesn't heap up the agony most excruciatingly.

The weeping-willow novel is purely American, *sui generis*. Not an English, French, or German publisher would dare offer the like to his readers. The nearest approach to it that I ever found was the English story, "Mill on the Floss," where the author, after bringing Tom and Maggie through interminable vexations, at last drowns them like a pair of inopportune kittens. How could this blood-thirsty woman murder the innocents like that? I never could see, I cannot see to this day, why she couldn't have let Maggie and Stephen marry each other, then have provided some nice people for Lucy and Tom to marry, and made them all happy together. Why couldn't she? Because she wanted her book as nearly like an American weeping-willow novel as possible, I suppose. ZIG.

☞ A young lady who had been invited to two places of amusement for the same evening, was sitting in a country church, thinking over which invitation to accept and which to reject. She had just come to a conclusion, and saw with her mind's eye the disappointed swain turn away, when the minister, who was discoursing to sinners, uttered these words: "If you do not accept the invitation, where will you go to?" "Where?" exclaimed the young lady, "why, I'll go to the shucking, with Bill Smith."

☞ A colony of fifty families is preparing in Maine to embark for Palestine, intending to settle in an ancient Joppa.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

The Successor of Rosas—A Streak of Civilization—Something Like Home—A Surprise Party.

In a country where republican principles and personal equality signifies little more than slavish submission to superior intellect, almost all great and good examples, either in morals, politics, art, science, or domestic economy, fall fruitless among the mass—exciting no emulative energy.

In thousands of instances throughout the Spanish American countries, we find this fact demonstrated; but I never saw it so patent anywhere else as in the case of the Buenos Ayrean farmer-general, Urquiza, the successor of Rosas as Governor-General of the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, then a private citizen and progressive farmer, and again in public life—at the present time Commander-in-chief of the Buenos Ayrean army, acting in concert with the forces of Brazil, against Paraguay. Urquiza is neither a great statesman or military commander, but he is a truly great and good man. In our country his example would be worth millions of money to the public, his influence felt from Canada to the Mexican Gulf—from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. In his own, his influence does not reach even his next door neighbor—his example is worth nothing, because totally unheeded. It is a great life lost while living.

Two of our party knew the great Buenos Ayrean farmer personally and intimately—one of our number—Doctor Bond—had twice visited the place, and being positively assured by both our fellow wanderers that our reception would be a welcome and most cordial one, and our numbers no manner of inconvenience, we went fifteen leagues out of our way to pay our respects to Senor Urquiza, and see a Buenos Ayrean *farm*.

Astonishment is but a half-meaning word to express our sentiments and emotions when we had passed the first day on the estate of our new South American acquaintance, and gathered around his table in the immense, and brilliantly-lighted *salle a manger* to a six o'clock dinner. It was utter bewilderment.

All the furniture, fixtures and belongings of the apartment were such as we should have looked for at the residence of one of the wealthiest families in the United States. There was not a feature Buenos Ayrean, or Brazilian, or Spanish, about the dinner service, or the dinner itself—nothing that we could discover in anything, differing from a very respectable North American dinner and its usual accessories.

Donna Urbina—our hostess, a remarkably handsome, well-bred woman of thirty-five, and her two daughters—the bright, beautiful senoritas Lealine, and Carita—seventeen and fifteen, were richly, but plainly, and very becomingly dressed—just as we should see a sensible mother and two well-bred daughters of corresponding positions and ages, dressed in this country. There was no display of jewelry, lace, and extravagant finery. All was was simple, neat and becoming.

Senor Urquiza himself was dressed precisely as we should look to see a well-bred gentleman at an evening party, in the United States—black pantaloons, and dress coat, white waistcoat, and fine French gaiters. As himself and all three of the ladies conversed fluently, and very correctly, in English, it all seemed like a scene of enchantment. It was little wonder that we were bewildered—utterly amazed. It was a sudden flash of civilization and refinement to which we could not all at once reconcile our unbelief. We required a little time to put by the dream and accept the reality, that we were actually enjoying the hospitalities of a Spanish American household. But it came upon us gradually—the full conviction, and I think I may safely answer for the sentiments of every member of our party—we had never looked upon a family with so much admiration and respect in our lives.

The residence of the Urquizas was as different from the everlasting South American *adobe casas*, as the Urquizas themselves were from all other South American Spaniards we had ever seen. It was a light, two and a half storied Tuscan Villa, built entirely of wood, painted a delicate chocolate color, with windows of French plate glass, Venetian blinds, ornamental verandahs on a level with the first and second floors, running around three sides of the building, including two two-story wings, which contained the kitchen, bake, and wash-houses, and accommodations for domestics.

Within, the mansion was plastered, papered, carpeted—the apartments all arranged and furnished exactly as we should look for such things in any first-class residence in the United States. There was even a bath-room, and in all the principal rooms of the second floor a supply of pure, cool water. There were mahogany and rose-wood, and fancy japanned chamber sets of furniture, and sets in hair cloth and brocatelle, and sideboards, centre-tables, *tete-a tete*, plate glass mirrors, side-tables in Lapis lazuli, ormolu and veined marble—all these latter of French fabric, but the furniture in chief, was of North American fashion and construction, all purchased in New York.

In the United States, England, or France, such a villa thus furnished would excite no comment, and it may seem that this South American home beyond the Rio de la Plata, is scarcely worth so much of description. But please imagine a three year's drift among *adobe*—always *adobe*—bare walls, unglazed windows, bare doors, great plank shutters, bare floors, parlors a common highway for *peons*, negroes, dogs, horses—not a civilized convenience, every visitor supplying his, or her own bed—appointments unlike anything else on earth than—Spanish America or Brazil, and then by a single step, coming into such a scene and surroundings. It is very likely you would grow eloquent in description.

The first positive injunction of Senor Urquiza and his family was, that we were to remain three months. Our limit was, three days—but during our first dinner, a compromise was effected, and we met at three weeks. Before three days had expired we all, I think, began to regret that we also were not Urquizas, that we might with propriety remain always. Donna Urbina and her daughters, took all our female campaneros, right home to their hearts and began to love them from the very first, while Don Jose, taught us during the first afternoon to regard him as a brother, and the united family, without the least pretence or ostentatious display, by their perfect freedom and quiet attention, made us feel that we were as entirely at home as we possibly could be anywhere.

Every feature of Senor Urquiza's immense estate was in perfect keeping with the mansion and its arrangements. It being the latter part of May—just the beginning of the Buenos Ayrean winter—the season of course was not the most favorable one to judge of our host's out-door rural economy. But we could see on every hand, and at every turn, such evidences of thrift, agricultural science, and progress, as could but convince us that, if the campaneros of the La Platan provinces would but take pattern by, and follow the lead of, so able and energetic pioneer as this soldier-farmer was, it would require no great lapse of time to make Buenos Ayres one of the richest and most productive farming countries in the world.

But when we rode out, as we frequently did, among the neighboring campaneros and farmers, some of whom were men of great wealth, and found no one among them all, following the noble lead of Urquiza in a single particular, we argued that the period when Buenos Ayres would become a great and prosperous country by agriculture, was not very near at hand.

When we had been about ten days at the estancia, and Don Jose had been upon several occasions quite as much astonished by our feats with the American rifle and revolver, as we had been at finding himself, and family, and home, such as they were, an idea occurred to Senor Urquiza. He was going to utilize us, and made a proposition.

At the distance of about five leagues from the estancia, on the great thoroughfare to Salta, there was a defile that for four years had been the haunt of a band of desperate outlaws, having for their chief the notorious Rodriguez Cassamira, the terror of a wide range of territory. It had got to such a condition, that not a party, caravan, or lone traveller, could pass the defile without being robbed, provided they carried valuables worth the taking.

The robbers were in sufficient force to overpower all ordinary opposition, while they always evaded all formidable, armed escorts. They were practiced in all manner of tricks and strategies, but Don Jose guessed something shrewdly, that if our party, mounted and equipped as we always rode, like quiet, peaceful, well-to-do-travellers, were to ride into the defile, the brigands might very likely make a mistake in an attempt to plunder us.

We guessed so too, and were eager to make the experiment at once. Edith Bond, bearing the decision, went up directly and got her six-shooters, which she set about putting in proper order.

"Why, what are you going to do, Miss Edith?" Cator inquired.

"To shoot brigands, of course, if they will only afford me the opportunity."

Three or four of us put in a protest against any of the women joining in the hunt. Edith pouted, and said positively,

"*I* am going!"

"And so am I!" said Mrs. O'Harra, going off after her arms.

"And so am I!" put in Donna Minnie, following the little Irish rebel.

"*Yo via tampoco!*" declared our Brazilian Diana, Senora Monteiro.

There was no combatting successfully such a whirlwind of woman's will, and so we said,

"Well, come along, all of you if you will, and get shot. There will be so much trouble off our hands."

Donna Urbina and her daughters, seeing our Tartars so enthusiastic and resolute, put on enthusiasm also, and determined to accompany us, and there was immediate hurry and bustle, and preparation, and in an hour we were all in the saddle and on the march, followed by nearly a hundred of Don Jose's dependents, of all arms, led by the *patron* of the estate. This force was to keep a mile or so in the rear, remain so until we were within a league of the defile, when they were to separate, and serve as flanking parties on both sides of the road above the ravine.

We entered the defile about three o'clock, P. M., riding carelessly, like unsuspecting travellers, three and four abreast, and had proceeded perhaps half a mile, when at a point where the road made an abrupt curve, and the brush-wood on either hand came close down to the beaten track, there came suddenly the clear, sharp order,

"Halt!"

Out, into the road, almost under our horses' heads, leaped a dozen fierce, murderous-looking vagabonds—and perched on a rock, twenty yards up the hill-side on our right, in full view, stood the robber-chief himself—the redoubtable Don Rodriguez Cassamira, for whose head there was a standing reward of a thousand *pesos*.

Cator and O'Harra were riding in front, and Mrs. Kate O'Harra was riding to the right of her husband. At that sharp word *Halt!* Mrs. O'Harra's trained horse swung like a pivot on his hind feet, bringing his rider's left side to the mark—the sharp crack of Kate O'Harra's rifle was the instantaneous response to that word of command, and down from his perch plunged the outlaw chief, with a bullet passed through his heart.

The revolvers of Cator and O'Harra brought down four of the ruffians in the road, the survivors plunging headlong into the thicket. Directly the rattling vollies of our two flanking parties drove the surprised miscreants from cover, and we brought them down with rifle and revolver shots, until of the more than fifty who comprised the band, more than half were slain. The survivors surrendered, and, being tied together in couples, were driven by Urquiza's men into Salta, where in the course of a week they were disposed of in the same manner that we had rid the community of their comrades there in the defile.

Edith Bond was actually jealous of Mrs. Kate O'Harra, and pouted a little for a week, being uncertain whether she had winged her man in the skirmish or not.

☞ The following is a *verbatim et literatim* report of the evidence given in a magistrates' court by a negro man named Doctor Jones, who accused another negro man named Washington of stealing his watch:

"I'se name Doctor Jones—name so 'cause old master named Doctor. I was settin' in de shop; my watch hanging on de wall. Dat niggar (pointing to Washington) come in, sot down, got up, went out, and de watch was dismissed. Dat's all I know about."—*Alexandria Gazette.*

☞ There is a coat in Staunton, Virginia, which was worn for the first time many years ago by a certain man on his wedding-day. The garment has since been worn by his eight sons and seven grandsons on the occasion of their marriages. The youngest grandson lately sold it for $10.

Letter from Margaret.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

And so we went to Pittsburg. On our way down the mountain we met, and clasped hands with Indian summer, or as they call it in "Old England," St. Martin's summer. The icicles we had seen clinging like armor to the rocks and crags this side of the mountain had all dissolved, and were helping—for in the beautiful economy of nature nothing is lost or useless—to make the hazy vapor which hung, as Porte Crayon once said, "like a violet-tinted veil over lowland and mountain." As we glided along we saw over and anon little rills trickling down the faces of the gray rocks like soothing, scentifying tears down aged, furrowed cheeks, long unused to the blessed relief of weeping. And we remembered that far up among those silent rocks, in secret but in love, with touching faithfulness, the hardy little mosses, collected drop by drop from each passing cloud their tiny streams, that, gathering forces as they came from every blade of moss they passed, a silver thread at first, became, as

Drop over drop they trickled and slided,
A tiny, bright beck that glittered between.

And one merry beck meeting, another joined company, until suddenly there came dancing along the saucy, laughing "Stony Brook," shouting as it went, dashing over great, white stones, pell-mell, with a sparkle and a toss, as if it cared for nothing, and singing

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a snowy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silver water break,
Upon the golden gravel.
I draw them all along and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Then it joins another merry brook, and growing deeper and swifter, and more beautiful and resistless in its flow, becomes the lovely Conemaugh, which was to go with us all the rest of our journey. How we talked to it, and petted it, and loved it, honoring it with the name of a dear friend we loved and honored, and never after, even to this day being able to get rid of the association, for now, when quieted down, at home once more, "we fight our battles o'er," and remember the beautiful things we saw, we always, —Dolita, Amicé and myself—talk of such a charming spot, or glimpse of sky or what not, beside the "———," instead of the Conemaugh. Oh, lovers and dear friends of mine (and theirs) would you not like to know whom of you all we honored thus?

How we hated and would not be anything but our crossest, with the engine that would go so fast, instead of pausing like a well-bred *loco ie* at the choice bits of beauty, that the clear river made a thousand times more beautiful. We wished all manner of evil to it; that it might be deafened with its own noise was one; when some one perpetrated, or recited this atrocity, which as Lord Dundreary would say, "Ith good." "It might easily be deafened, since it has but one ear."

"But one ear? how? what ear?"

"The engine-er of course," and subsided.

But the river, the bright river! fire, as our workshop-visiting afterwards proved to us, is able to overcome all physical matter, and is of exquisite beauty,—strong and beautiful—yet its great antagonist, water, as it gleams and sparkles in the sunlight, is a nobler river; how nourishing and tender it seems, making the earth green and fruitful. How delicious a medium of sound it is, how it idealizes the everyday tones of life; from the great, sounding, resonant sea, with its thunder tones of power and passion, to the tinkling, tintinabulation of the mountain brook as it "babbles and chatters over pebbly shoals."

How human it seemed, how like a daring boy at first, wild with glee, tossing back its shining hair from its eyes, and running races with the fiery monster that bore us on, careless of danger, springing across our path, first on this side of us, then on that.

Until growing to man's estate, it lays aside its boyishness, and goeth ever on, patient and faithful under the duties for which it has its place in life,—a little care-worn, perchance, a little touched on the surface by the wear and tear of the world, but with the bright, pure nature still there, ready at the touch of a genial hand, or the kiss of loving lips, to spring up into the old rippling laughter, the merry twinkle, the ever glad and welcome smile. Dear river, bright river, it was so pleasant and kind to us.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of fairy bells,
Fairy wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
Down from their fortunate parallels.

And people stay at home, and lose all these beauties of earth, river, and sky,—of mountain, vale, and moor, shutting themselves up, and will not travel, because—"because" they are afraid of being killed if they venture on a railroad, or in a steamboat." Such folly! Why one can get killed at home. It reminds me of an anecdote of Bacon's, (do not ask me what Bacon, for I do not know whether it was Lord Verulam, or some man who sold pork instead of honor, and good faith, and friends.) Saith a man: "My father and grandfather died at sea." "An I were as you, I would never come to sea," saith the other. "Why," saith the first, "where died your grandfather and your father?" "Where but in their beds think ye?" he answereth. Saith the other one: "An I were you, I would never come to bed." "Not to put too fine a point on't," as Mr. Snagsby would say, that's my moral.

The songs say, "Heidelberg is a pleasant place when it is done raining;" so may Pittsburg be when it's done smoking. Oh, dear, that sounds as if it was an old man piping, or smoking his pipe.

Such crowds of smutched-faced people, such dirty-faced houses, and such very dirty streets! We washed ourselves every half hour during the five days we stayed there—let's see, twelve hours—no, Pittsburg's the workshop of America, so of course they have a working man's guage of time, and ten hours make a day; ten hours, twenty washings a day. What, only an hundred ablutions during our stay? I must have started wrong in my calculations. I suppose it was every quarter of an hour. And every water was blacker than the last, and by the time we got back to Altoona, the skin was washed off my hands, and my face was a sight to behold! Yet I remember to have read somewhere that any lady suffering from a cutaneous disease of the skin, should visit Pittsburg instead of a physician, take a course of bituminous smoke instead of a course of medicine—*entre nous*, it's a very trying remedy.

Our revered and beloved friend, Dr. Howard, (the best, as he is deservedly the most popular clergyman of the place,) to whose family we made such a delightful visit, assured us that Pittsburg was the most god-fearing, Sabbath-abiding place he had ever been in! That the churches were always well attended, and Sunday strictly observed among all classes. That certainly speaks well for them, and is most strange besides, for they boast of having more wealth than any other city of the Union; as a young lady said to our friend, the colonel: "I do adore Pittsburg, everybody's so very rich there."

We were escorted by a friend to some of the principal works, although owing to the shortness of our visit, we were unable to get out to the "Fort Pitt Works," where the immense cannon were cast for the war. Also we were unable to take a trip to the oil regions, an hundred miles or so above Pittsburg, to which our friend, one of the well-owners, most kindly desired to take us, to give us a peep not only at the way they strike oil, but to show us over the ground near the oil wells, where they have lately found gold, which upon being assayed, has proved to be twenty-one carats fine, (twenty-three being pure,) and which will be better stock than oil stock, should it prove that some one has not been playing a trick, and planted California gold there to raise the value of the land—there are such dishonest folks, if you will credit me.

But we went through the Glass, Iron and Steel Works; seeing the whole *modus operandi* from its inception to its completion, in whatever shape it was to be used; and when we returned to Altoona we watched its perfection—the highest finish, and the grandest uses which iron and steel can attain or be put too—but of this more anon.

The gentleman who accompanied us was a man of universal knowledge, and most kindly and carefully explained to us everything we desired to know, so that ere we left we were very learned;—if it should appear too patent, from this epistle, that I have not profited by my instructions, it is neither my own fault or that of my instructor, but of my sadly illogical and most unreasoning and unreasonable brain.

In every one of these Factories, (or Founderies,) there is a room, wherein is an immense and most beautifully kept engine, which is the breathing spirit, the motive power of all the vast machinery, to which it is attached, by innumerable belts and bands.

The perfection of the system observed in these workshops, strikes one forcible, the thorough manner in which every one minds his own and no one else's business; hundreds of men moving to and fro, but never interfering with, or getting in each other's way. Ah, me! If in the great workshop of the world, things could go on thus, instead of every one putting their finger into everybody else's private pie, what a happy world it would be!

In going through the Iron Works the first building we entered was the "Blast Furnace"—in front of this, the raw material (*uncooked* iron ore) just from the mines is as they say, "dumped." The immense fires are kept alive by curiously arranged bellows; the fires are made of anthracite coal—the bituminous being too soft, and incapable of such intense heat. There are vast ovens in which the blast is heated before it enters the furnace; the chimneys of these ovens send forth the most brilliant white flames, whose lurid light in the dark recalls the eruptions of Vesuvius, or the entrance to Hades. One would hardly be surprised to see Orpheus vainly striving to catch back from those forked tongues, his loved but lost Euridyce. There are vast, hollow boiler-like furnaces into which the ore is thrown, and subjected to a great heat; the exact intensity is, I believe, of the first importance in every case, in which the heating process is undertaken, as the character of the iron is altered according to the kind of heat to which it has been subjected. When it becomes liquid it is poured into beds dug for its reception in the sand, one long gully, with smaller ones branching off from it, which is known by the technical, but very inelegant names of the "sow and pigs," from whence comes the term "pig-iron." As the crimson flood fills the main canal and then runs into the diagonal ones, it is covered over by the workmen with a black sand, the throwing on of which, causes a million sparks like diamonds to spring up on every side.

After it has become cold and hard, it is broken up and piled in front of the puddling furnaces. Read Dante's "Inferno," then go into the "Puddling Furnace," or room where the furnaces are, and see if it is not very like. Great, brawny men, naked to the waist, dripping perspiration at every pore, stand in front of fires, using a long pole, which they every few minutes change for another, taken from under a running stream of water. The furnace door has a round hole in it, through this the puddler puts his pole, and moves forward and backward a huge mass of hot iron. At first the excessive brightness prevented our looking into the furnace, but as the eye grew more accustomed to the glare we could see in the lovely violet light a great mass looking like a huge formation of crystals, being rolled over and over in boiling water;—this was to separate the dross and extraneous matter from the iron, and is like the operation of churning, and is called puddling. When it has been thus worked for two hours the iron is taken out by a man called the "helper," with a huge pair of tongs, placed upon an iron barrow and wheeled off to another part of the building, placed upon an horizontal frame, in which is an iron-toothed wheel called the squeezer, it goes round this wheel, starting with a pistol-like report an unwieldly, shapeless mass, and making its appearance, a well-shaped club, no, a cube-shaped (a six-sided monster.) With the tongs it is taken to the rollers, drawn through the largest coming back flat and broader; again, and again through other and smaller-spaced rollers, until from the last, it comes forth a broad, thin, crimson band, yards long. After this it is dragged off to another place, where a stream of water is poured over it, and it is left to cool.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The census returns show that the total number of Indians in the United States is three hundred and seven thousand. About five thousand were in the service of the Government during the war, and some thousands more were on the side of the rebels.

A FIRST-RATE song for teetotallers. "Drink to me *only with thine eyes!*"

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

Aunty Scranton's Wedding.

Sook, I'll set down here now by the winder an' be a tryin' on my gloves while you comb my hair—you're a fust-rate hand to dew up hair, an' I want you ter make mine look as nice as you can. Fust I want you ter see ef my hair looks streaked—I dyed it once sence I come up here ter Malerky's, but I've kinder consayted that it begins ter show grey agin. "Not much." Don't, hey? I'm glad on't. I'm glad, Sook, thet you've come up here to Malerky's ter help me fix fur the weddin'—I'd ruther have you 'n anybody else, 'cause I know 't you'll tell me jest what you think, even ef 'taint allers jest what I wanter hear.

Sook, I want you tew dew my hair up in a waterfall—you needn't make it as big as Sary Ann, Malerky's wife, makes hern, 'cause that wouldn't compare with my style; but make ruther a small one—there's a cushion ter make it on, one 't Sary Ann gin me, an' there's some rolls for the sides. What say? You don't want me ter have my hair did up in a waterfall? Why not I jest ask ter know? You think waterfalls looks ridiculous on anybody, 'specially on a woman o' my years? Now, Sook, I tell ye thet a morderate-sized waterfall will look as well on me as on anybody else—it's the monstrous big waterfalls that looks bad, jest as ef a body was twin-headed, but the backside head was all hair an' no face. 'Taint no sich waterfall as thet thet I want you ter make; I only want you ter make a small one; an' there's a nice weddin' head-dress on the bed made a purpose to go with it, all full o' orange flowers an' buds.

You can't dew waterfalls up nice? I know better 'n thet. You can dew anything nice 't you set yer hand tew. You don't want me to have one any way? I tell ye, I *shall* have one, an' ef you won't dew it up fur me, I'll go an' git Malerky's wife ter, an' she'll make it as big agin as you will, so you better dew it yourself. Now, Sook, jest you listen ter me. I'm a goin' ter be married ter the very feller thet I wanted ter hev when I was a gal, an' I'm a goin' ter dress as young an' appear as young as I can; an' you know 't all the young ladies thet thinks anything o' themselves wears waterfalls; an' then, agin, I aint so *dretful* old—not ef I be your ma an' Malerky's. More 'n all thet, I like waterfalls; I think they look stylish, an' a waterfall I'm bound to have, so 't aint no use a talkin'. Now you be a good gal, an' dew it up jest as well 's you can.

There lays my weddin'-dress, tew; it becomes me splendid! You hain't seen it on me yit, Sook, but you will pooty sune. Tell you what, it sets as smooth as a flat-iron, an' it's a lovely color—"whist on the lake," Sary Ann calls it, an' it's a color thet's all the rage. Malerky bought it. You know I telled you 't I was a goin' ter make him make me a present o' my weddin' rig; he gin five dollars a yard fur it; an' the trimmin's an' makin' cost a eight tew. Malerky he's despertly pleased ter think 't I'm goin' ter git married, an' particklerly thet I'm a goin' ter dew so well. He haint made no bones o' tellin' on't about here, an' everybody is a talkin' about the big weddin' thet's ter be ter Malerky Scranton's ter-night.

Malerky married rich, you know, an' he says a body may jest 's well marry rich as marry poor of they're a minter; an' I think jest so tew.

Look at that air bonnet o' mine! aint it enchantin? Then there's a beautiful new mantle ter go with it—Malerky said 't he might 's well be hung for a old sheep as a lamb, an' ef he was a goin' to git me a weddin' outfit he sh'd git one 't was a outfit in good airnest.

Dear sux! these gloves does go on hard anough. I dew hope I shan't tear 'em ter pieces gittin' 'em on the fust time!

Sary Ann haint showed you the weddin' cake yit, has she? Well, it is beautiful. It looks perfectly splendid, an' there's a bouncheous supply on it tew. The frostin' is extra nice—all flowers an' flummediddles, fur Malerky got a fashernable cook ter come here an' fix it. I tell ye the table will look scrumptious.

"Who's invited?" Why, some o' the big—don't pull my hair so, Sook! you'll take it all clean out by the roots;—some o' the big bugs about here that Malerky an' his wife associates with, the Fitzheddys, an' the Prouds, an' them; an' then there's the Poppleses, an' the Davises, an' Cap'n Toothaker's folks from Gadall. You know they're all rich folks that keeps kerridges o' their own, an' of course folks couldn't come here no other way from Gadall on a Sunday. Why didn't Jake fetch his mother when he brung you up? I telled you ter axe yer mother Cole ter come. "She said she couldn't come at all?" Wall, it's most a pity she couldn't, fur she'd a seen more in one evenin' here then she will a dozen year there tew hum of fashionerble folks, an' style, an' so on. So Jake thought he couldn't stay tew the weddin' nyther, did he? "He'd got ter be there tew his business airly ter-morrow mornin'?" Wall, I'm sorry kinder thet he couldn't spare the time; but then it's a good thing in these hard times ter have plenty ter dew, an' them men prospers the most in business thet 'tends tew their consarns themselves.

What, Sook? Now 'taint o' no mortal use for you ter tell me 't this waterfall ain't a goin' ter become me; it'll look as good on me as 't will on anybody else. Fetch me that 'tother glass—the little one—out o' thet bedroom—I'll look at the backside o' my head myself an' see ef it don't look nice. Why, Sook, you've did it up splendid. I don't see but what it looks every bit an' grain as good as Sary Ann's.

Now I must put—there, them gloves is a tight fit, now I can tell ye. Ef I can git 'em off an' on agin without tearin' on 'em I sh'll dew nicely. I haint on'y jest bracked 'em a little here in the holler o' the hand—that won't show none when I'm standin' up. There—now I must dress up in my weddin' close, and have you fix the head dress on larst of all, an' then call in Sary Ann ter see of all my rig is ship-shape.

Look there, Sook! there's a kerridge a drivin' up ter the gate—it's, le'me see—is it Sampson? he dorter be here by this time, 'cause he'll proberly have ter dress tew, an' 'taint but a hour an' a half now tew seven-o-clock—we was to stan' up precisely tew seven-o-clock this evenin', thet's what Sampson an' I agreed upon when he come here larst Sunday night. No, that air aint Sampson; it's old Cap'n Toothaker's folks. They've come airly 'cause it's a long ride from here ter Gadall, an' they'd wanter rest as they're a gittin' to be old folks. There's another kerridge not fur behind Cap'n Toothaker's team—that's—why, no, *that* aint Sampson! he dorter be here pooty sune, I'm sure he had. Wall, he can't be fur behind 'am. There, didn't I tell ye, Sook, thet this dress sot splendid? Aint the trimmin's beautiful tew? Here, you'll have ter hook it up for me, Sook—these fashernable dress makers *will* make dresses tight, you know? Look at them undersleeves! aint they lovely? Hark! there comes more kerridges, Sook; Sampson's startingly come this time. Le' me see,—there—one's jest turnin' in tew the gate—thet's—thet's—the Poppleses! Look at Anner Fellshear's waterfall! True as I live, its bigger 'n a five-pint pail! an' sich gaudy feathers an' ribbons! An' dew jest see Miss Popple—ef she aint dressed ter kill! but *I'll* show 'em how ter dress.

When dew you s'pose Sampson 'll come? It's full time 't he was here now. What time *is* it, Sook? "Five minutes o' six?" I'm sure he dorter be here this very minute.

Half-past six! There's somebody a comin' up the stairs! Oh, it's you, Sary Ann! You see I'm all ready an' dressed! How does my dress become me? What dew you think o' my hair? Sook makes a fust-rate waitin' maid, don't she?

"What time did Sampson say 't he'd be here?" Why he said we was ter be married percisely at seven, an' he' come time anough ter rest him an' change his close afore the ceremony.

"He dorter been here a hour ago?" Wall I know he had. 'T warn't him in none o' them kerridges then? I looked at, 'em all, an' I couldn't make out that none of 'em was he.

Quarter ter seven! Deary me sux! there's more kerridges comin', an' none on 'em ain't Sampson! What *does* it mean? I'm afeard his hoss has run away, or he's fell an' broke his neck, or somethin'. Dear sux! dear sux! Sary Ann, dew go down an' tell Malerky ter come right straight up here tew once.

Eight minutes o' seven? Malerky! Malerky! *Hain't* Sampson come yet? An' the folks is all waitin' an' whisperin' down stair! Oh, my! oh, the deary sux! Malerky, won't you have the hired man harness a hoss an' ride down the road ter see ef he's a comin'? Mebby somethin' awful has happened ter Sampson! Ef ther has, an' he don't never git here, what *shall* I ever dew? "'Tain't o' no use ter send a man!" "It's seven-o-clock!" "Ef he'd ben a comin', he'd a ben here afore this time?" Malerky, you *don't* b'lieve he's did it a purpose? You don't think he never meant ter come at all? Oh, my! oh, my! I don't b'lieve but what he did. It's a plot ter be revenged on me, 'cause I disa'pinted him once! Oh, what *shall* I dew! what shall I dew!

An' then there's all them big-bugs a waitin' down stairs, an' beginnin' ter surmise somethin', an' whisperin' amongst themselves. What *dew* they think! What *will* they say! Malerky, what 'll you tell 'em? Sh'll I have ter go down 'for 'em all, all dressed up as a bride, an' no bridegroom here, an' no weddin', an' no nothin'? I can't stan' it—I won't—he'll come yet, Malerky—Sary Ann, he'll startingly come or send 'fore the evenin' is out; I know he will. Somethin' has happened ter make 'im late. Why I *can't* b'lieve he's ben an' did it a purpose. He was so lovin' an' kinder hopeful when he was here larst Sunday, plannin' out what we sh'd dew when we was married, where we sh'd travel, an' what we sh'd buy, an' in what style we sh'd live, what a house he'd build, an' all,—an' now, oh, suzzy me! it's twenty minutes after seven, an' no signs on him yit!

Sary Ann, you're a goin' down to the comp'ny—well, I 'spose you'll have ter—what *shall* you tell em? "Thet the couple have been unavoidably delayed in their preparations, 'an aint quite ready tew a'pear yet?" Wall, dew, that's a good gal, make some plausurable excuse, 'cause I'm sure Sampson 'll come yit, on'y somethin' has happened that nobody couldn't help—some dretful acsurdunt or 'nother ter hender 'im an' make 'im late. He'll startingly arrive sune!

What say, Malerky? "You'll cow-hide 'im within an inch o' his life ef he's ben an' made sich tarnal fools on us all o' purpose?" Wall, I hope ef you undertake it, you'll be able to carry it out, but I'm despertly afeared you won't, 'cause Sampson is a dretful strong man for one o' his size—and he aint a small man nyther—everybody says he is the strongest man there is anywheres about these parts. You'd better sue 'im, Malerky, anough sight. I declare ef he does fool me so when I've ben an' got all ready tew sich expense, an' made all this fuss about getting married—I declare I mean tew sue 'im for breach o' promise myself—I vum I will!

What say, Sook? "I couldn't dew that with a very good face when I once broke the promise I made ter 'im." There you be, Sook, a neverlastin' thorn in my flesh! prickin' me when I'm sorest! I never, never see nothin' like ye! Ef I warn't so plagued, an' so worried about Sampson, and so mad with 'im tew, why I could eenamost box you, you good-for-nothin' huzzy you!

Malerky, Malerky, there's somebody a ringin' tew the front door bell! ringin' like all possessed! Go, run quick, an' see ef it's Sampson, an' come an' tell me jest as quick as ever you can fly!

Oh, deary, deary me! Ef it *aint* Sampson! I declare I wish 't was 'Bijah Lawson! I vum I'd marry him right on the spot, an' ax no questions. But I've been an' answered 'Bijah's letter, an' told 'im 't I couldn't have him, 'cause I was engaged tew another man, an' now thet one haint come—leastways, I'm afeard he haint, an' there aint no more hopes o' 'Bijah nohow.

There comes Malerky drivin' up the stairs two tew a time. What is it? *who* is it? has he come, Malerky?

What? Sampson has sent me a note by a man you didn't know? Sent a note! Then he never—oh, goodness alive! he never meant ter come! Where's the man 't brung the note? I wanter see him. Gone? "Went right straight off?" Oh, land! Wall, what's in the note? Read it tew me, Malerky, fur I'm so flustered I can't begin to read it myself.

(*Malachi reads aloud.*)

Gadall, Sunday Night.

My *Dear* Mrs. Scranton: I trust you will excuse me from officiating to-night as per agreement, when you hear that I was married in Gadall church this afternoon, to our respected son-in-law's mother, Mrs. Mehitable Cole.

It is due to that lady and her family to say that they had no part in my plan to pay off old scores and be quits with you. I proposed to her yesterday, and we were married to-day. I told her it was "now or never," and she, like a sensible woman as she is, preferred the "now."

I wish you much joy of your wedding-cake, your fine clothes, and your showy company.

Yours, &c., SAMPSON WHIPPLE, Esq.

Turtles.

The Chinese gourmands have, it is recorded, a method of cooking turtles that even a London alderman would esteem rare. A turtle is put into water at first only moderately warm, and covered over with a lid just sufficient to admit the animal all but the head and neck. Within reach of his mouth is placed a bowl filled with highly spiced wine. As the water becomes warmer, the turtle gets thirsty, and is thus induced to drink the spiced wine, and with more and more eagerness, until he becomes so completely saturated with it that when cooked every part of his body is impregnated with a delicious flavor of wine and spices that is highly prized. We outside barbarians put in the spices afterwards, and make up in quantity what we seem to lack in quality. At the last Lord Mayor's dinner, in London, given by Mayor Phillips, more than one hundred gallons of real turtle soup are said to have been consumed in a dinner partaken of by more than a thousand guests.

Fashionable Life in Paris.

The gay and fashionable belles of Paris work harder than men at the galleys. Think of a young married lady, with a rapidly filling nursery, going out night after night, coming home on Monday, say at one o'clock, on Tuesday at four, on Wednesday at midnight, on Thursday, at three, on Friday at four, winding up the week's work on Saturday by coming home in the broad daylight at seven o'clock, and commencing the new week with an afternoon concert, a dinner and a soiree! Some women have successfully cultivated the habit of sleeping in the afternoon, or taking an extra dinner at four or five o'clock, and go straight to bed after it, sleeping till half past eight or nine, when they are awakened by their maid, and proceed to the business of dressing.

THERE was a little couple in the time of Charles the Second, who compensated for shortness of stature by length of days. They were Richard and Anne Gibson. Richard had been miniature-painter to Charles the First, and was also installed into the office and dignity of court dwarf. Anne was, at the same time, court dwarf to Queen Henrietta Maria. The king determined that the little people should be man and wife. It was done, and he gave away the bride. Waller, the court poet, celebrated the nuptials in the following lines:

Design or chance make others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame
And measure out this little dame!
* * * * *
To him the fairest nymphs do show,
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And ev'ry man a Polyphene
Does to his Galatea seem!

The little people had a remarkably happy life of it—if not absolutely "healthy and wealthy and wise," at least something like it. They had nine children, five of whom lived to be men and women, of the ordinary height. Richard, born during the reign of James the First, saw the glories and the troubles of Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James the Second, and died early in the reign of William and Mary. Rather late in life he became drawing-master to the Princesses Mary and Anne, afterwards queens. He died at the age of seventy-five, while his pocket-edition of a wife survived to eighty-nine. They were each under four feet in height; it is even said that they could only muster seven feet of stature between them.

METEORS.—On the 13th November there was a regular hunt through the heavens for meteors. Six observers were stationed at the Observatory at Greenwich, England, and they seem to have been amply rewarded. Indeed it was the most exciting sport of the kind ever witnessed there. About 250 were observed in an hour. They were of various hues—red, yellow and blue. Each observer marked the direction of every meteor, and registered it, with the portion of the heavens were first observed, and where, it disappeared. The result seems most satisfactory. The astronomers are now satisfied that they have got on the track of this "wreck of worlds" that we seem annually to visit, and to know how to calculate the time when to expect the meteors and the point from which they come across our orbit.

"IF was ever my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practised virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

WE know a clerk in a government department (he objects to the common phrase, public office) who is so precise, so married to routine, that he dockets all his love letters, and minutes his answers on the back, ties them up neatly with red tape, and puts them away in pigeon-holes. He always writes to the lady on "half margin," and never visits her without first making an appointment. All the correspondence goes by the messenger.

☞ CURE FOR CORNS.—Place the feet for half an hour, two or three nights successively, in a pretty strong solution of common soda. The alkali dissolves the indurated cuticle, and the corns fall out spontaneously, leaving a cavity which soon fills.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Determination of Blood to the Head.—Imprudence or neglect of health is tantamount to constructive suicide—the penalty a short, quick struggle and instantaneous death. All who are of full habit or subject to apoplectic or epileptic fits should never be without a supply of these invaluable medicines as they will find a safeguard in occasional doses of them. In every instance they have been attended with the most successful results.
Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $35 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6¼@7½ ₩ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 @15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

NORTH-EAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY,

AUTHOR OF "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD."

We had a week of rainy days,
The heaven was gray—the earth was grim;
And through a sea of hopeless haze
The dreamy daylight wandered dim.

The saddened trees, with weary boughs,
Drooped heavily, or sullen swayed
Slow answer to the sobs and soughs
The jaded east wind whimpering made.

Faint as the dawn the noonday gleamed,
With hardly more of stir or sound;
The only noise or motion seemed
That dull, cold dropping on the ground.

Vainly the soul her frame ignores;
Deep answereth unto deep apart;
And the great weeping out of doors
Touched the tear fountains in the heart.

So life looked drear, and heaven was dim;
And though the sun still strode the sky,
Through the thick gloom that shrouded him
Scarce trusted we the Hope on high.

But sudden from the leafy dark,—
The close, green covert, rain-bestirred,—
Out-bursting tremulously,—hark!
The carol of a little bird!

Ah, long the storm,—yet none the less,
Beneath the cloud of passing ill,
Hid in the heart's deep wilderness,
A waiting joy is nestling still!

ETHEL'S SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BERTHA BARTON.

CHAPTER III.

Mid-summer was brooding over London, and all the élite of the city were leaving for Bath, Torquay and other places of resort. Ethel Thornton entertained a decided antipathy to fashionable watering places. She longed for entire freedom and relaxation from restriction. Mr. Thornton wished to revisit The Waste, and Ethel's proposition to some of her intimate friends to accompany herself and father to Alton was received with pleasure by many who exceedingly enjoyed the novelty of the idea.

The Alton House was cool and commodious; there were ample facilities for bathing and boating, and the rocks might become the scene of romantic explorations and rambles.

A week later the London party went down to The Waste. Little did Ethel imagine that during her sojourn there she would experience the most bitter trial of her life.

The party was composed of Mr. Thornton and Ethel, Mrs. Lacy, Lena Dalmar, Myra Ellis, Mrs. Lacy's brother, gay, handsome Harry Ashton, Olcott Cameron, and Hastings Cleaveland.

"Who seconds my proposition to a stroll on the beach?" said Harry Ashton to the group assembled on the piazza one lovely moonlight night a few days after their arrival.

There was a unanimous assent. Certainly the evening was far too beautiful to spend indoors. The glancing waves reflected the pale moon and the twinkling stars, and the breeze was laden with the fresh pure perfume of the sea.

Young Ashton grew slightly cross when he discovered that Olcott Cameron had taken his place by Myra Ellis, and was assisting her to arrange the crimson talma around her graceful shoulders. He had anticipated being her escort in the promenade, and now when he glanced at Myra to discover if the disappointment was mutual, he beheld her bestowing upon Cameron one of her sweetest smiles, apparently oblivious of his presence.

Affecting a degree of nonchalance he did not feel, Harry Ashton joined Lena Dalmar, who had beheld this little by-play, and now asked Harry if "he and Myra were weary of playing lovers?"

The above-mentioned gentleman avowed, with every appearance of truth, that he was "heart-whole and fancy-free."

Leaning upon Hastings Cleaveland's arm, Ethel walked slowly up and down the sands. Of late she had seemed to lead a charmed life, surrounded by every luxury that wealth could supply, every pleasure that love could devise. The present little fitted her for the "future."

As the two passed onward, under the overhanging cliffs, Ethel started and uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Look, Hastings," she said quickly, "who is that person?"

"Where?" replied Mr. Cleaveland, "I see no one."

"He has disappeared now," said Ethel in a low tone. "There was the figure of a man standing in the shadow of the rock. He seemed to be observing us very attentively."

"Doubtless it was some young fisherman who is late in returning homeward," laughed Hastings. "You are growing fanciful, Ethel."

Ethel was not entirely reassured. She let the subject drop, however, but the incident haunted her still.

The following morning Mr. Thornton proposed to the gentlemen that they should go down into ——shire for a few days' shooting. Mr. Cleaveland was the only one who assented to the project, the rest avowing that they were destitute of sporting propensities.

The evening proved chilly and cloudy, and the Alton party assembled in the drawing-room. Mrs. Lacy sat on a distant sofa, conversing with Mr. Harcourt, (a friend of Mr. Thornton's, who had arrived only an hour or two before,) exercising her fund of pretty little ways in the endeavor to draw him from behind his entrenchments of dignity and reserve. Lena Dalmar's raillery blended with Harry Ashton's repartee; while Myra Ellis sat on a hassock with her guitar before her; but her white fingers scarce awoke an echo from the strings. Her red lips wore a decided pout, and her eyes a wistful expression, as she glanced in the direction of Lena and Mr. Ashton.

All this was exceedingly flattering to Harry's vanity; and arriving at the conclusion that his attentions to his companion were not pleasing to the capricious little beauty opposite, he redoubled them, revenging himself for the slight put upon him the preceding evening, when she evinced a decided preference to Olcott Cameron's society, and had neither word nor smile for him.

Ethel sat by the open window with Mr. Cameron; the latter was agreeable and entertaining, but Ethel was unusually distrait, and felt in no mood for conversation. A shadow hung over her spirits that she could not shake off; the vision of the figure she had seen (which seemed strangely familiar) on the rock, gazing so fixedly upon her, would rise up before her. After awhile, Harry Ashton went to Myra's side for the ostensible purpose of asking her to sing, but in reality to make his peace with her. Cameron sauntered over to Lena Dalmar, and Ethel was left alone. Absorbed in thought, she sat motionless, looking out on the night. Suddenly her attention was attracted by the small figure of a boy, creeping along under the hedge, in the direction of the house, glancing around the while, as if wishing to escape observation. When he reached within a few feet of the window where Ethel sat, he paused, and keenly surveyed her countenance, which was plainly visible by the light within the drawing-room. An irresistible impulse prompted Ethel to remain silent. At length, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, the boy held up to view a letter, making a warning sign as he did so. What was this mystery? Ethel intuitively divined that some great issue depended upon her exercising self-control.

Carelessly dropping her arm without the window, she received the missive, and crushed it in her hand. How to escape from the apartment, so as to peruse it, was now her thought. The assembled guests were apparently engrossed in each other, and Ethel arose, thinking to leave the room unobserved. As she reached the door, Cameron stepped forward to open it, and she met his eyes, which clearly revealed that he was conscious some mystery was on hand. In her confusion, Ethel dropped the letter. Olcott Cameron stooped, and picking it up restored it to her. As he did so, Ethel obtained a glimpse of the writing, and it came to her as a voice from the dead. One low cry escaped her lips, but it was drowned in the liquid measures of Myra Ellis's guitar.

"Thank you," she managed to articulate, and passed out.

Alone within her own room, Ethel closed and locked the door to secure herself from interruption, and sinking into a seat, covered her face with her hands, moaning out:

"Earle, oh! Earle!" then she opened the letter and read its contents.

"Have you thought of me as dead, little sister? Perhaps it would be better if I were. I must see you, and then I will tell you *all*. Meet me to-night, at 11 o'clock, at the familiar rock, where we have so often sat when I was—but enough of this. Do not fail me. E."

Ethel Thornton felt like one struck by a mortal blow. She knew that she had *now* no time for thought. Action was required. Mechanically smoothing her hair, as if nothing had happened, she drenched her dainty lace handkerchief with eau-de-cologne, pressed it to her throbbing temples, and descended to the drawing-room.

It is truly said that a smile may hide an aching heart. Ethel laughed and talked throughout the evening; her cheeks were flushed, and eyes bright with unnatural excitement. She felt that the secret weighing upon her heart must be preserved, cost her what it might.

At length the party broke up. When Ethel gained her apartment, upon consulting her watch, she found that it was already eleven. She waited until the whole house was quiet, and then throwing around her a large cloak, which enveloped both head and figure, she crept cautiously down the stairs, and went out into the night. She shivered as she hurried onward through the darkness, but not from fear. That was not an element of her nature. It was the dread and terrible uncertainty. As she neared the rock, she beheld a tall, dark figure standing beside it; in another moment she had met her brother.

"Earle," she said after awhile, "you promised to let me know all, but what is this *all*? Oh, Earle, we have mourned you as dead. Why have you so long concealed the fact of your existence from us? What is this mystery? Tell me of privation, toil, hardship, anything but that disgrace is attached to your name."

"Ethel, it *is* of disgrace of which I have to speak to you," replied Earle Thornton. "I am not worthy to be your brother. I do not merit your love. Only Heaven knows what it costs me to tell you this; to look upon you and feel what a great gulf lies between us. Ethel, I am an outlaw; a ban sets me apart from honorable men. I am a smuggler, liable at any time to be hunted down and committed to justice. I feel that I can trust you with my secret—"

"Tell me all that has transpired since you left The Waste," whispered Ethel, in faltering tones.

"You remember the night of my altercation with our father, when he decided that I should remain here," replied Earle. "I then grew desperate, and my resolve was taken. From an old fisherman (who, I learn, is since dead,) I discovered that the tale of smugglers infesting The Waste was not a myth. He was an ally, and on the night to which I have referred, he apprised me that the smugglers were coming ashore, and spoke in glowing colors of the exciting, adventurous life which they led. Excitement was what I craved. That night I met them, gave my word, and became one of their band. The next morning we were miles away from the place I so thoroughly detested. For awhile I liked the life, but gradually wearied of it, and inwardly despised myself for departing from the path of honor and rectitude. But the past could not be retrieved, and I grew hardened and callous. Since then I have frequented various parts of the English coast, but this is my first visit to The Waste for four long years. Our vessel purports to be a collier; it came in here two nights ago, and I, finding out that you were at Alton, could not resist the temptation of seeing and speaking to you once more. I decided to remain here until the vessel returned, which will be to-morrow, (we do not fear detection, as the vessel is unsuspected;) It will lie off the coast during the day, at night deposit its goods, and leave the following morning. Last evening I was standing here, and saw you pass by, but dared make no sign, as a gentleman accompanied you. I then wrote the note, which you received, and despatched it by a trusty messenger. Oh, Ethel, little sister, the only being in the whole wide world that I have ever loved, or who has loved me! seeing you again has awakened aspirations after a better life, which I thought were forever buried. But why think of this? I have chosen my lot, and it is now too late to retract!"

"No, dear Earle, it is *not* too late," replied Ethel, firmly, "you will give up this life that you have been leading; it will not be safe for you to remain in England at present, but there are other lands where a field of usefulness may be open to you. Oh, Earle, give me your promise that you will accede to my request? We will use every exertion to obtain a pardon for you at court, and then you can return to us."

She clung to his arm as she spoke, her face lifted to his, and its pallor rendered more striking by contrast with the dark, eager eyes.

"Promise me, Earle! promise me now!"

"I give you my solemn promise, Ethel," said Earle, "I will renounce this lawless band. Do not doubt me. Though I once broke faith with you, you can trust me now. It will be necessary for me to leave here in my old craft, but when she reaches a convenient port I will give up, and go far away from my native land."

"I know that you will keep your promise," said Ethel, in a thankful tone; "you have relieved my mind of a great weight."

"And my father, Ethel?"

"He is at present down in ——shire. Oh, Earle, we deemed papa harsh and unloving, but we did not know him. He has deeply mourned for you. When he learns what you have unfolded to me, he will forgive you and forget the past. I must now leave you, Earle," she continued. "To-morrow night, at the same hour, I will meet you here."

Kissing him good-bye, she left the rock, and in a few moments reached Alton.

Once more in her room, she breathed a sigh of deep relief, and throwing aside her cloak, bound up the heavy coil of black hair which had fallen over her shoulders.

"I must destroy Earle's letter," she soliloquized, "it may be productive of harm.

As she spoke, she put her hand in her dress pocket, where she had placed the missive after its perusal, but it was not there.

"I must have dropped it on my way to or from the rock to-night," she said. "If any one should discover it what should I do! It is folly to think of retracing my steps; in the darkness the letter could not be perceived. I will arise with the dawn and search for it before any one is stirring. How glad I am that papa and Hastings are not here. Their presence could effect no good; and I fear that I might fail keep to my secret from those who so love me, even for one day. In forty-eight hours Earle will be safe, and *then* I will be free to tell them both. Hastings has pride, but he will not love me the less now that this shadow has fallen over us. Oh, Hastings, if your affection *should* fail me—if it cannot survive this test what would be left to me?"

It was late when Ethel sank to sleep, and when she awoke she found the bright sun shining in the apartment.

All that had transpired the evening before rushed upon her mind. She felt dizzy and confused; it was late, she must hasten to seek for the lost letter. Hastily donning her walking-dress, Ethel sat forth. She had proceeded only a short distance when she met Olcott Cameron coming from the direction of the rocks.

"My letter has fallen into his hands perhaps," she thought; "though I know not why, I mistrust him; I believe he has his suspicions even now."

"You are as great a pedestrian as I," said Mr. Cameron to her, "I have just returned from your favorite rock. The sunrise view from that point is superb."

"Yes," replied Ethel, "the scenery here is exceedingly picturesque."

"You are looking pale, Miss Thornton. Sitting up so late can scarcely be conducive to good health."

He spoke with emphasis, gazing steadily at her the while. In vain Ethel endeavored to appear composed. Was Cameron's last remark a random shot; or could he be cognizant of her mid-night walk?

"I seldom have a bright color," she replied, proudly. "I will not detain you longer—good-morning."

Ethel passed on, searching every inch of ground, but the missing letter was not found.

"Doubtless my fears are groundless," she thought, as she retraced her steps. "It may have been blown in some fissure in the rock, or out into the sea."

During the morning, Hastings Cleaveland unexpectedly returned to The Waste. Mr. Thornton had fallen in with some old friends, who had carried him off for a week's visit; Hastings had also been invited to join them, but he preferred returning to Alton. At the dinner hour Ethel was doomed to undergo a keen trial.

Mr. Cleaveland had been giving a description of the shooting expedition. When he concluded Olcott Cameron changed the subject.

"By the way, Cleaveland, have you noted the vessel that has just come into the harbor?"

"Yes; it is a collier, I believe."

"*That* is what it purports to be, but I strongly suspect that it is a smuggler's craft."

Ethel had just replied to a remark made by Harry Ashton, and she only caught the latter part of Cameron's sentence. That was enough to cause her heart to sink with dread. She lifted a glass of water to her lips, to hide her emotion, but her hand trembled so violently that she split half of its contents upon the table. Fortunately her agitation was unperceived, or at least not commented upon.

"You generally view a subject in a clear light, Miss Thornton," said Cameron, turning to Ethel, "what is your opinion in regard to the vessel in question?"

There was a slight sneer perceptible in his tones that aroused Ethel's latent pride.

"I should think that you gentlemen were capable of arriving at a correct conclusion upon that point," she replied, carelessly.

"Surely you are mistaken, Cameron. The Coast Guard is held in too much awe to admit of such lawless transactions. Would the smugglers possess the temerity to anchor here in the day light?" said Mr. Cleaveland.

"A guard stationed some ten miles distant, and which is not over vigilant, can scarcely be considered formidable," was Cameron's reply. "They are a bold set, and doubtless it is their intention to complete their work to-night, and to-morrow at dawn set sail."

"In Mr. Thornton's absence it devolves upon *us* to apprise the Coast Guard of our suspicions," broke in Harry Ashton in an energetic tone. "Such proceedings are utterly unbearable. The perpetrators should be punished with the utmost rigor."

"If we immediately despatch a messenger desiring the guards' presence, they can reach here by night-fall," continued Cameron in his cool, assured tone; "when the smugglers come ashore to deposit their goods they can be easily captured."

Ethel could bear no more, and gave the signal to leave the table. As she passed Olcott Cameron, who was standing by Mr. Cleaveland, he arrested her by a remark,

"I was so fortunate as to discover a letter in my morning ramble," he said. "It is your property, Miss Thornton; pardon my remissness in retaining it so long."

Mr. Cameron had intentionally omitted returning the missive until now. Like a skillful general who keeps back his reserve, and only brings them upon the field when the most decisive blow is to be struck, he had waited to speed his arrow when he knew that it would be the most keenly felt—in Hastings Cleaveland's presence.

Ethel extended her hand to receive the letter, then a mist blinded her eyes, and she would have fallen had she not leant against the back of a chair for support.

By a strong effort she recovered her composure and left the apartment, carrying with her Cleaveland's look of reproachful surprise and inquiry.

The gentlemen resumed their seats and lingered over their wine. Mr. Cleaveland did not join in the laugh or witticism which sparkled around the table, even more brightly than the flowing juice of the vine. His brow was clouded and anxious, and his thoughts were dwelling on Ethel. Why should the restoration of a lost letter cause his young fiancé such evident agitation? Who could the missive be from, and what its contents? It was an enigma! Cameron perceived that his blow had struck home, and he awaited the issue.

Olcott Cameron was not one to inflict a willful injury upon the woman who had once touched his fancy; but his nature was not magnanimous. The wound to his pride, made by Ethel's rejection, was still sore, and now that an opportunity presented to humble *her* pride, he was not slow to avail himself of it.

From some communicative fisherman he had learned of Earle Thornton's disappearance years before; from Earle's letter to Ethel, which he had found, and no nice sense of honor forbade his perusing, he discovered that Earle was connected with the smuggler's gang. Now it was in his power (by committing an act of *justice* to the community at large,) to be revenged for the past. Few men are actuated by such a petty motive, but some *are*, and Cameron was one of these. He restored the letter to Ethel in Hastings's presence with the view of exciting in his mind doubts of the constancy of his betrothed, imagining that even should Earle escape, Ethel's proud spirit would not allow her to reveal her secret to him, and should her brother be taken, Cleaveland would not seek to make his wife the sister of an outlaw; thus, in either case, a breach would be formed between the two, which was what he most desired.

Thus with consummate tact he had laid his plans; not that he expected to be a gainer, but where he had played and lost, he could not tolerate the thought of another winning.

But he was mistaken in his estimate of Ethel Thornton's character. She was proud, but her pride could bend to force of circumstances. Even now she was slowly pacing the long back piazza, revolving in her mind what course it was best to pursue.

Her brother was in imminent danger. She must save him—but how.

She shrank from the thought of imparting her secret to Hastings at present, simply because she did not wish to place him in the position of one who would screen an outlaw from justice; and independent of that, it was now too late for the threatened evil to be averted through his (Hastings's) instrumentality, as steps had already been taken for the apprehension of the smugglers. She felt that she must act alone.

A few moments later, Hastings Cleaveland joined her.

"Ethel," he said as he drew her arm through his, "do you not remember that we at one time agreed that there should ever be perfect confidence between us?"

"Yes," was the low reply.

"Then you will not refuse to let me know from whom you received that mysterious letter?"

For a moment Ethel was silent; when she spoke her voice was very calm and firm.

"I cannot tell you."

"Ethel, have I not a *right* to know? I cannot hope to retain your love if you do not deem me worthy of your confidence. Oh! my darling, are you about to make shipwreck of my happiness?"

His earnest tenderness shook her fortitude; she felt that she would die if she did not beg him to love and trust her still and to *wait*.

"Hastings, bear with me a little while," she said brokenly. "Some time I will tell you all; do not lose your faith in me."

Now Hastings Cleaveland's character shone forth in its full beauty.

"I cannot doubt your look and tone, Ethel. I believe that you are perfectly true; I do trust you."

Even in the midst of her great trouble, Ethel Thornton's heart thrilled at the words "*I do trust you*," and she felt that *such* love would never fail her.

Twilight shadows gathered over sea and land. Lights had not yet been ordered in the Alton drawing-room, and Ethel sat with her head bent upon her hand, thinking deeply upon the one subject. She must warn Earle of his danger; she had promised to meet him at the rock at eleven that night. *Then* it might be too late; she must be there earlier, trusting to Providence to find Earle at the place of rendezvous before the appointed time. But could she leave her guests upon such an errand without her absence being detected?

Scenes of her childhood came up before her, when Earle was her hero, her ideal of everything that was noble and good. She dwelt upon his unselfish devotion to her, and his free, high spirit exhibited in all of his actions. Must that brother be doomed to a felon's cell, or condemned to lead the life a convict, the disgrace and hopelessness of his lot crushing the germ of good intentions now implanted in his heart? Offences such as his had been pardoned through the influence of persons high in favor at court; but there was the *doubt* of obtaining a pardon for Earle. How would her father bear the blow? Ethel was aroused from her reverie by Harry Ashton's entrance.

"The messenger has returned from the station," he said, to Mr. Cameron. He states that the Guard has gone further up the coast, but that a dispatch was sent them, and they will arrive here about twelve to-night. I suppose that will be ample time to carry our project into execution?"

Ethel's heart thrilled with thankfulness; another hour, at least, was vouchsafed her; much might be effected in that time.

"I imagine that those fellows will be found a pretty desperate set," continued Harry. "The Coast Guard does not number more than a half dozen men. I move that we join in this nocturnal expedition, and also enlist some of the fishermen (who do not favor the smugglers,) in the cause; in numbers there is safety."

The proposition was acceded to, and shortly after the gentlemen departed, declaring in laughing tones, that they would not return until they had immortalized themselves.

Ethel felt that she must avail herself of the opportunity now presented, and arose from her seat.

"I have a severe headache," she said to her friends, and she spoke truly. "Mrs. Lacy will perform the part of hostess. I will go to my room, if you will excuse my absence!" Her guests expressed their regret; and Ethel bidding them good-night, left the drawing-room.

In case that some one should come to her room, and her absence be detected, she locked her door; and then with nervous haste donned the cloak which she had worn the night before, and left the apartment by a side door, communicating with the back stairway, which she also locked after her. She left the house unperceived, and quickly reached the rock. Earle was already there.

"Oh! Earle, what I have this day endured for your sake, you will never know. Danger is lurking near. It has been discovered that your vessel is a smuggler's craft; and a plan has been made to capture the men to-night. They must not venture on shore. You will return to the vessel, and set sail as soon as possible. You will not forget your solemn promise to me?"

"No, Ethel, my brave, true-hearted sister—never."

"In after years we may meet again; but if that blessing is denied us on earth, oh! Earle, you *know* that there is a Heaven where ties severed here are reunited. God is very merciful."

She kissed him twice, and clung lingeringly to his parting hand.

"Farewell, Earle; lose no time to insure your safety. Farewell."

And then she left him—little knowing that never more on earth would she behold the living face of Earle Thornton.

"Thank Heaven it is over," she said, when she regained her apartment. "Soon I will be relieved of my secret. Oh! Hastings, there shall be no more mystery between us. May I ever prove worthy of your love and trust."

After Ethel's departure, Earle stood for a few moments motionless upon the rock. Though but a boy in years, he was aged in heart; mental disquietude had robbed him of his youth. The waves beat around him, the wind moaned above his head, but he heeded them not.

As the shipwrecked mariner beholds a sail coming towards his lonely isle—as the fainting traveller on the desert discovers rippling waters—as the returning exile sees the home of his childhood—with the same emotions, did Earle's thirsty soul receive the words spoken by Ethel.

"God is very merciful."

Another moment and he sprang down the rocks, jumped into the little boat moored to the shore; gave a few vigorous strokes of the oars, and the bark glided over the dark waters.

Cameron had underrated Ethel's power of endurance; he imagined that she was too securely hemmed in by circumstances, to admit of her taking measures to frustrate his plans. He afterwards discovered his mistake, however. In the morning, Ethel Thornton's first impulse was to look out of her window. She needed not to be told that the last night's expedition had been fruitless—for the smuggler's vessel was nowhere to be seen. In the night she had taken in her anchor, spread her white sails to the breeze, and sped out to sea.

Ethel noted the hurrying masses of dark clouds which obscured the sun, and heard the sullen roar of distant thunder, portending a coming storm. Kneeling at the window and bowing her head upon the sill, she sent upward a voiceless prayer for the safety of the loved one out on the ocean.

The Omnipotent ear is ever open to our prayers, and though our petitions are not always granted, they are answered in the way which is *best* for us. Ethel arose from her knees calmed and strengthened, and with her heart sufficiently imbued with faith to meekly say that which causes many of us years of suffering and trial before we can truly feel its great blessedness—"Not my will but Thine be done."

The breakfast that morning was a dreary affair. The gentlemen were wearied and disappointed that they should have failed in their plans; and the ladies seemed oppressed with ennui.

When the meal was over, Ethel took her seat in the bay window of the drawing-room, and took up her worsted work. Myra Ellis sat on a cushion at her feet, with her bright curls and pretty little head resting against Ethel.

The impending storm soon burst forth with violence. The angry waves were swollen to a mountainous height, and vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the scene.

"I do not think that I ever witnessed so fierce a storm," said Hastings Cleaveland. "Doubtless there will be much distress among vessels which are so unfortunate as not to be in harbor."

"Perhaps the smugglers' craft which escaped the Coast Guard, will fall a victim to the storm," said Olcott Cameron, and Ethel felt rather than saw that his eyes were bent upon her face.

"God watch over and protect you, Earle," thought Ethel, but she made no remark.

"How shall we charm away the time?" asked Myra. "Mr. Harry Ashton, will you not select some volume of poems, and read it to us?"

Mr. Ashton complied with her request, selecting fragments of poems from various authors; he concluded with Horne's "Butterfly at Sea."

"He dies, unlike his mates, I ween,
Perhaps not sooner nor worse crossed;
But he hath known, and felt, and seen,
A larger life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea."

The sadly plaintive lines sank into Ethel's heart; how appropriate they now seemed.

"The storm has nearly expended itself," said Hastings to the gentlemen; "let us go down to the shore. If there has been a wreck, it may be in our power to render some assistance."

For a half hour after the gentlemen left, Ethel sat in comparative silence. At length she could bear the suspense no longer. She must know her brother's fate if possible.

"I am going to walk to the beach," she said hastily, and unheeding expostulation, she threw a scarf around her, and went out. Reaching the shore, she walked to where Hastings Cleaveland stood.

"Have you discovered a wreck?" she asked.

"Yes. When we first came down we perceived a vessel at the mercy of the waves, and in a sinking condition. The fishermen were assembled here, and had made every exertion

to render service, but in vain; the vessel went down a few moments ago. It is supposed to be the smugglers' craft."

"And the crew—what will be their fate?"

"It is scarcely possible that they can escape a watery grave," replied Hastings, in a tone of emotion. "I suppose some of the bodies will soon be washed ashore; but, dear Ethel, you are looking pale. This is no place for you. This storm and wreck must vividly remind you of that sad period of your life when you, and those you loved, were exposed to a like peril."

"Yes," she replied, faintly, thinking the while how far he was from suspecting the true cause of her agitation. "Let me remain here a little longer, Hastings, and then I will return."

Mr Cleaveland was now called off, and Ethel was left alone. Soon she descried a dark object which the incoming tide was bearing toward the shore; another wave left a dead body upon the sands.

Ethel knelt down by its side.

"Earle, *dear* Earle!"

She did not moan or weep, neither did she cherish a delusive hope. She knew full well that all was over. She parted the dark brown hair upon his brow, and gazed earnestly in the face which bore no impress of pain or fear. The lines that she had heard read a short hour ago came to her mind.

"He hath known, and felt, and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea."

Was that *hope* and *life* to be Earle's possession? She folded her hands reverently, and whispered the words of our beautiful Litany.

"Grant us Thy peace." "Have mercy upon us."

God judgeth not as man judgeth! When Earle Thornton found himself face to face with death, he may have breathed a penitential prayer, which reached the ear of Him who is "mighty to save," and the words which he lingered over the night before, upon the cold, gray rock, may have become to him a precious reality, "God is very merciful." And Ethel Thornton found peace in the thought.

"Ethel, who is this?"

She turned her pale face to Hastings Cleaveland, who had knelt beside her, saying in calm, slow tones,

"*My brother.*"

"And this is the secret that has been preying upon your mind! Ethel, why *would* you bear your burden alone?"

"Oh! Hastings," she said, "within the past few days my heart has almost broken. I could not impart my secret to you, and thus implicate you in plans from which your sense of justice would naturally revolt. I felt that it could not be wrong in me to further his escape—was he not my only brother? God has taken it all in His hands, and He knows best."

Ethel's countenance looked like that of a beatified saint to Hastings. He took her cold hands, deeply feeling her innate nobility of character, her purity, and her truth.

"My own darling, you truly know what it is to suffer and be strong."

Two fishermen now approached to bear the body into the cabin, and Hastings led Ethel away.

Only one more body was washed ashore, that of an old, gray-haired man; the rest found a grave in the deep waters.

The following day they buried the old man and the youth down by the sea-shore. Some recognized the weather-embrowned young smuggler as Earle Thornton. A plain, marble slab marked the resting-place of the latter; no name was engraved upon it; there was only the date, and "Father, into Thy hands." In a few days the Alton party broke up and returned to London.

It is probable that Olcott Cameron felt humiliated by the thought of the part he had played. Certainly if he sometimes dwelt upon the sad scene enacted at The Waste, he made no verbal demonstration.

What Mr. Thornton felt when he learned the sad tale of his son's death no one, not even Ethel, ever knew.

In the golden September days, Ethel Thornton and Hastings Cleaveland were married. Hastings took his bride to Normandy, and the Seine, where they lingered until November's chilly blasts robbed those scenes of half their beauty, then they returned to London.

Myra Ellis was among the first who called upon Ethel. She blushed very prettily when the latter laughingly remarked upon the brilliant diamond ring she wore, and from a few disconnected sentences spoken by Myra, she learned that in the following spring her little friend would become Mrs. Harry Ashton.

And the years came and went, bringing only peace and happiness to Hastings and Ethel Cleaveland; they received their blessings with thankful hearts, and trusting the future into higher hands, faithfully performed the present duties which devolved upon them, and which ever bring their own reward.

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Nor in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain;
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

"TAKE MEUK," as the publican said when he watered the beer.

RELIQUES.

A wild, wet night! The driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shake; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet;
The wind raves from the sea!

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
My long day's work is almost done;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all the nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand—
Alas! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth, since last
I held thee in my hand?

So, there it lies! From year to year
I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellower; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
And fade away with age!

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered harebell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these house-gods from my hearth;
And yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

THE CHEST
WITH THE SILVER MOUNTINGS.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," &C., &C.

She was sailing out of Madeira, the good ship South Star, a fine trim British vessel, built more for cargo than passengers, but carrying the latter when she could get them. On her way home from Brazil she had encountered a succession of bad weather, and had to put into Madeira for repairs and provisions. Some of the crew quitted her there, and whispers went about that they were afraid of her, or of something in her. Two passengers only had come in her from Rio de Janeiro, a gentleman and his servant. At Madeira she took on board a Major Gore, his wife, two elegant young ladies, and their maid servant, all in mourning. The major's means were straitened, and the moderate charges of the sailing vessel as compared with the passage-money of the regular packets, had been inducement to choose the South Star. They had come on board at the last moment and the usual confusion prevailed.

"Not down there, please; that's the state cabin, and it belongs to the Don," cried a young boy, in a sort of uniform, whose duty seemed to be to show himself in all parts of the ship at once. "The Don doesn't choose for anybody to go into it."

It was the elder-looking of the two young ladies whose descent he thus interrupted. She turned her imperiously handsome face upon the boy, and her fine dark eyes flashed forth the haughty questions, just as plainly as her tongue.

"The Don! Who is the Don? What do you mean, boy?"

"That's him," said the boy, pointing to a distant part of the deck. "He is as rich as all the mines of Brazil knocked into one, and he's as good as master of the ship, for his will's law. If he had nothing else but the chest in his cabin, he'd be richer than he could count, for it's full of gold and diamonds."

In spite of her hauteur, which was natural to her, she gazed in curiosity. Leaning inertly over the side of the ship was a tall, slender man, with a pale, fine face, and sleepy, dark eyes. She remembered to have seen him there when they came on board, and she had noticed that he never once turned his eyes towards them, but remained utterly indifferent to the new comers and the commotion they were causing.

"He was our only cabin passenger," continued the speaker, "until you came on board. We brought him from Rio. He's English born. So's his servant, Vincent; a fellow that's always larking. The Don can check him, though, with half a turn of his sleepy eyelids. You must get a sight of the chest—such a big one! It is of carved ebony, with silver mountings."

"Why is he called the Don?"

"Because he is so rich, I suppose. He lost his wife and child out there, they say, and he's coming home for good. She was Spanish or Portuguese, and there was something odd about her, I fancy. The sailors, I know, whisper about it, but they won't tell me."

"And pray who are you?" demanded the young lady, resenting the familiar manner.

"Oh, I'm a middy. That's what they call us, at least; and a precious sham it is, only we don't know it before we sail. The skipper—"

To the temporary surprise of his listener, the young gentleman suddenly vanished. Looking round, she saw the "skipper" advancing, along with the gentleman passenger. The captain stopped as he came up, probably thinking it his duty to introduce them to each other.

"Mr. Valencia; Miss Gore."

Mr. Valencia raised his straw hat and bowed. She bent also, but haughtily, as if in resentment of what the captain had done, and her voice carried a sound of scorn to that functionary's ear, as she corrected his mistake.

"I beg your pardon, sir; it is well to be correct. Mrs. Clytton, not Miss Gore."

"I beg yours, ma'am," replied the captain, "I had understood you were the major's daughter."

Vouchsafing no explanation, Mrs. Clytton turned away, drawing her flowing black-and-white muslin gown around her slight and stately form, and carrying with her the remembrance of a stern face when in repose, but of a wonderfully attractive one when a smile illumined it—the face of Mr. Valencia. She was accosted by the maid.

"What do you want, Simms?"

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Auta is waiting to know which of the two berths you would be pleased to choose?"

Mrs. Clytton descended to the cabin, one with two berths in it. A young lady, quite as elegant in form as herself, but with a face of little beauty, save what lay in its fair blue eyes and its sweet expression, stood there, patiently waiting.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

That old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has passed into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MOSELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
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"Geraldine, will you be so kind as choose your berth?"

"Which is the most comfortable?"

"I think that one; it seems more airy than this."

"I'll take it, then," said Mrs. Clytton. And the younger lady meekly began to put her own things upon the other.

For a few days there was no great approach to intimacy, Mr. Valencia holding himself aloof. He was deferred to in every way, the new passengers found; and perhaps if there was one thing held in more reverence on board than Mr. Valencia himself, it was Mr. Valencia's ebony chest that he kept secluded in his cabin, and before which a handsome curtain was generally drawn. It was of curious value in itself, that chest, with its elaborate carvings and their adjuncts of silver.

The Gores had left their only son in a grave in Madeira, whither they had gone a year before, hoping to prolong his life. So much depended on it. Had he lived but two months longer, he would have come into a large fortune, and could have willed it to his family. He died, and it went from them; and the major was returning to England a bitterly disappointed man; returning to poverty and debt, and all sorts of humiliations, for he had fully counted on this coming money for years, and had lived accordingly. Mrs. Clytton, his only daughter, had been a wife for six months only, and had been back under her father's roof, a widow, these three years. She was five-and-twenty now, and had no fortune whatever, but plenty of pride. Auta Gore, an orphan and the major's niece, lived with them: she possessed about a hundred a year, ninety of which the major and Mrs. Gore took, leaving her the rest for clothes and pocket-money. Tolerated as a dependent more than a relative, poor Auta had been taught the lesson of humility, and had learnt it effectively.

Certainly the ship did not appear to be a lucky one. Contrary weather pursued it after quitting Madeira, just as it had previously; violent head-winds one day, utter calm the next; and the voyage promised to be unusually prolonged. It seemed to Mrs. Clytton, who was a remarkably shrewd observer, that some sort of dissatisfaction reigned amidst the sailors, which was not allowed to transpire beyond themselves. Meanwhile an intimacy sprang up between the Gores and the Anglo Spaniard, rather remarkable from his previous coldness. They were together always; he pacing the deck with one or other of the young ladies—generally Mrs. Clytton—at his side, or sitting under the awning in the autumn sun, while he told them tales of Brazilian life. And Geraldine Clytton had begun to think the wealthy Don worth her notice.

The hidden treasures of that chest, filled to its very lid with diamonds and jewels, floated before her in a dazzling vision by night and by day. Simms had craftily thrown out delicate questions on the subject to the servant, Vincent, and he responded without reserve. They were almost priceless jewels, he affirmed; necklaces, rings, armlets, all fit for a queen; one tiara of diamonds was said to be worth eight thousand pounds. Geraldine Clytton turned half faint with delirious hope as she gathered this; and made up her mind, in the consciousness of her irresistible charms, to be George Valencia's second wife. Not for himself did she care; but to be the mistress of such gems, she would have well-nigh bartered her soul. The chest was of curious shape, beautiful as it was, very long and narrow; and Mrs. Clytton sometimes saw the sailors look askance at it, more in dread than in admiration. That some mystery, and not a pleasant one, was connected with it in their minds was evident, and she wondered greatly. Did they fear temptation? Not so, she. "I would give all I am worth to lift the lid!" she passionately murmured, gazing in at it one day from the cabin door, as it stood revealed behind the undrawn curtain. "And *I'd* not go anigh it to be made skipper to-morrow," shuddered a passing sailor, in whose hearing she had unwittingly spoken.

"Have you been long in the Brazils?" asked Major Gore one day, as they were all, except Mrs. Gore, who suffered from sea-sickness, sitting on deck, Mr. Valencia leaning over the side in his customary listless manner, while he watched the waves.

"Ten years."

"Ten years of exile! A short while, though, to make a fortune in: which you have done, I believe?"

"A larger fortune than I shall know how to spend," said Mr. Valencia. "We were originally Spaniards ourselves, and have connections still in Brazil, so that I went out under good auspices. The lady I married was also very rich."

"She must have died young. You cannot be more than forty."

"I am thirty-six. I dare say I look forty."

Geraldine Clytton's lips parted as she waited for more. She had become anxious to know somewhat of his first wife. Major Gore continued.

"What did your wife die of, Mr. Valencia?"

Mr. Valencia extended his arm. "See! Is that a petrel? We shall have bad weather again."

Major Gore took his glass. "I think it's only a sea-gull. Your wife, Mr. Valencia—has she been dead long?"

Mr. Valencia turned round and faced the major; his countenance stern, his lips drawn in. "Pardon me, Major Gore, but I would prefer to speak on some other subject. That *is* a petrel."

Major Gore stared and bowed. He was not gifted with superfluous delicacy, and he presently entered on his questions again.

"Why do the sailors call you the Don?"

Mr. Valencia burst into a laugh. "*They* know, I suppose; I don't. Perhaps they take me for a Spaniard."

"Nothing less than a Don—whatever that important title may imply—would travel with a chest of jewels such as yours," interposed Geraldine Clytton in a tone between jest and earnest; as she moved to his place at the ship's side, and looked after the bird, the harbinger of storm.

The words seemed to surprise Mr. Valencia. "Who told you I travelled with a chest of jewels, Mrs. Clytton?"

"Who told me? Oh, it's the talk of the ship. That large, beautiful ebony chest, you know, in your cabin."

Had his face turned pale?—or was it only Mrs. Clytton's fancy, as she closely watched him? It changed; and the next moment sarcasm was pervading its every line.

"Joking apart, though, Mr. Valencia," she persisted, "does the chest contain jewels?"

"It does. Valuable jewels."

"And what shall you do with so many?"

"Bestow them on my wife when I marry again," he replied, looking full into her handsome face.

Had he divined her secret thoughts? For once Mrs. Clytton showed that she was annoyed: she turned to her cousin, speaking tartly. "Auta, how neglectful you are! Poor mamma keeps her cabin, and you sit here, never looking after her!"

Auta Gore, meek as ever, and lovely in her meekness, was hastening away, when Mr. Valencia offered his arm. She blushed as she took it.

"Your cousin is curious as to my jewels, Miss Gore. It does seem strange, I suppose, for a single man to possess so many. They were my wife's. Had my child lived, they would have been hers; but she likewise died. My wife had a passion for costly gems. Many of them were heirlooms."

"But do not talk of your wife if it pains you to do so," said Auta simply, remembering the recently passed scene. "We cannot always bear to speak of the lost when they have been very dear to us."

"True. But my case is the opposite one. I did not love my wife, Miss Gore. Her memory is painful to me; I had almost said hateful."

"Oh!" exclaimed Auta.

"She gave me cause to hate her," he continued, in a low tone. "It was not a happy marriage from the first; she was older than I by some years, and we did not assimilate. I married her for money, not for love, more shame to me; still I—I—tried to do my duty by her. There's a confidence for you, Miss Gore. But I'm sure I don't know why I've told you; unless it is that you have seemed to belong to me since I knew your name was Auta; it was my child's. Let the confidence rest between us."

She blushed again in the prettiest manner possible, by way of answer, and glanced up an assent from her blue eyes, as Mr. Valencia resigned her at the stairs leading to Mrs. Gore's cabin.

And the contrary winds continued, interspersed with dead calms; and the sailors looked gloomy as death. How long was the voyage to last? One thing it favored—and that was the close and ripening intimacy between the passengers; and Mrs. Clytton might always be seen by the side of Mr. Valencia. For hours together they would pace the deck, her arm in his. Whispers went abroad in the ship that he surely meant to make her his second wife. It might be so. Mr. Valencia was not the first man who has succumbed, spite of will, to the charms of an attractive woman.

Was it a dream? Mrs. Clytton sat up in her berth, the drops of horror gathered on her brow.

The ship was tossing about in a fearful storm, and she suspected they were in danger. Not at that was her terror awakened, for she was constitutionally brave; but at the whispered words of two of the crew who had come down to secure something or other that had broken from its fastenings close by her head. Snatches of words, at the best, but their import all distinct and terrible. The ebony chest, which had been the subject of so much comment on board, so much covetousness to *her*, did not contain jewels, but the *wife* of Mr. Valencia; the wife whom he was strongly suspected of having murdered. The remains had been smuggled on board in that chest, out of the way of the South American authorities, and he himself set afloat the false report that it held jewels. *There* had lain the cause of all the ill the ship had encountered; it had led to the desertion of most of the crew at Madeira; and these two sailors lamented in rather strong language that they had not deserted too; and they spoke mutinously of the captain for not hurling the chest overboard, instead of keeping it there to curse the ship and put their lives in danger. Geraldine Clytton's hair stood on end as she listened, and her face turned cold and damp with faintness.

The storm subsided. Not so the tumult in the brain of Mrs. Clytton. Over and over again she asked herself, did she really hear such words, or where they but the fancies of a troubled dream? In the broad light of day, in the re-assuring bustle of social life, she laughed at the utter absurdity of the strange tale; nevertheless, down deep in her heart lay a doubt—true, or untrue? And she saw the sailors exchange discontented whispers one with the other, and heard them say, as they glanced around with ominous faces, that they should never see land again.

"I cannot stand this suspense," she murmured on the evening of the second day. "Yet how end it? It is not a thing I can speak about. The ship would conclude that the fright of the storm had turned me mad—"

"A regular gale, ma'am, that last, wasn't it! But we shall go along well, I hope, now. The weather seems to have cleared."

"Vincent, tell me!" she cried, laying her hand upon the man's arm in her feverish impulse—for the interruption had come from him, as he was passing her. "Tell me truly, as though you were speaking for your life, what is it that your master really has in that ebony chest?"

"My master has jewels in it, ma'am," was the ready and evidently truthful answer. "Beautiful gems that belonged to his wife. They were to have been her child's, but the little lady died too. When Mr. Valencia was packing them in the chest, he said he had half a mind to leave them behind, so little does he care for them. Only there were no relatives to leave them to."

She heaved a sigh of intense relief. "I heard the sailors whispering the night of the storm, Vincent. They said the ship could not get along for what was in the chest; they spoke of a dead body. Of course I know it was nonsense."

Mr. Vincent swayed himself to and fro in a perfect delirium of laughter. It was some moments before he could beg pardon for it, or speak at all.

"That was my doing, Mrs. Clytton. When we were getting on board at Rio, it somehow came out to the sailors that the chest had jewels in it. Knowing what a light-fingered lot Jack is on occasions, I thought it well to put them on another scent, and confided to them, as a weighty secret, that the chest really contained the ashes of Mrs. Valencia, which were being brought home for interment. And they have believed it all this while! What soft fellows sailors are!"

Entirely re-assured, thoroughly convinced, Mrs. Clytton forgave the man's familiarity and laughed with him, forgetting her dignity. She dismissed the subject from her mind from that moment. Vincent entered on a description of some of the treasures of the chest, and she listened until her pretty mouth watered. Two whole hours that evening was she chattering by the side of Mr. Valencia.

The ship did arrive in port, and safely, in spite of the prognostics of the sailors; and the passengers parted at Southampton, only to meet again early in December, for Mr. Valencia had given a cordial invitation to the major and his family to meet him in his paternal home in Norfolk—his, now—and spend a long Christmas with him. And they arrived early in December, nothing loth, finding a home replete with every convenience, every luxury, and a warm welcome from Mr. Valencia, who in his turn had been warmly welcomed by old friends around. It was an old-fashioned house, full of winding passages, in which Mrs. Clytton and Auta Gore lost themselves perpetually.

"It is a perfect home!" cried the major, in a rapture of admiration. "You have given it everything, Mr. Valencia, that can ensure happiness and comfort."

"Not quite perfect yet," dissented Mr. Valencia. "It wants one thing more, major, which I suppose I shall have to give it—a mistress."

"Shall you add that?" inquired the major, his eye resting, perhaps unconsciously, on his daughter.

"I hope so. The happiness denied to me in my first wife may be mine in a second. What do you think, Miss Auta?"

Auta Gore colored so vividly at the unexpected question, that she was glad to escape in very self-consciousness; and Mrs. Clytton, full of contemptuous pity, said that Auta was growing more absurdly shy every day.

The days went on for all parties in a sort of Elysium. Major and Mrs. Gore had never been so luxuriously off in their lives; Geraldine was indulging blissful visions, their whole basis, gold; and Auta was in the hazy depths of a first love-dream, whose idol was George Valencia. Her heart had gone out to him in those days when they were on the broad sea, when he had talked to her in low tones, unsuspected by anybody, and gazed into the depths of her blue eyes.

And the ebony chest? It was in Mr. Valencia's private rooms in the west wing of the house, its contents (as was understood) as yet undisturbed. Geraldine Clytton's desire to see those priceless jewels, so shortly, as she hoped, to be hers, was growing almost irrepressible, fevering her spirit with its excitement. *Why* could he not show them to her? The question began to torment her more than was good for her equanimity, and it gave rise to thoughts not justifiable.

But, let us hope that accident alone led to the step she finally took. On Christmas Eve they were sitting out of doors, when Mr. Valencia, in taking something from his pocket, let fall a key, with a small silver chain attached to it. He did not perceive the loss, and Mrs. Clytton stealthily secured it. It was one of the mildest days ever known at that season, the sun shining, the air balmy as in spring, the violets and primroses raising their modest heads. Nothing of the unusual beauty saw Geraldine Clytton; that key, lying unsuspected in her hand, was obscuring her vision physically and mentally. Instinct had told her it was the key of the chest, and she had resolved to take a sly peep for herself, like Bluebeard's wife.

She had to wait for the opportunity, and some delay there must necessarily be; yet her mind was in that feverishly excited state that brooks it not. At the dinner-table that evening an excuse was made for Mrs. Clytton; she was "lying on her bed with a violent headache, and must on no account be disturbed." Half an hour of impatient waiting yet, that they might be fairly settled into the dinner, and then she stole away on her expedition. She hated to lose her dinner; but what was dinner, even though taken by the side of George Valencia, compared to the gratification of that irrepressible longing—the sight of those glorious gems.

The moonlight was streaming in at the corridor windows as she made her way to the opposite wing of the house, shielding with her hand the candle she had brought. Her heart was beating, her veins were throbbing; not at the dishonor of the act she was about to commit; not at the dread of detection, but with the morbid eagerness for the sight she had so long and ardently coveted. Of detection there was little fear at that hour. Mr. Valencia was heading his own table, and Vincent was safe behind his master's chair. Opening the green baize door that shut in the wing, and closing it softly after her, she turned into the second room on the left. There it was! the long, beautiful ebony chest; it stood against the wall, opposite the large window, in the moonbeams, which glittered on its mountings of silver. There was no time to go to work deliberately; for interruption, involving the awful agony of detection and shame, was not impossible, though unlikely; and she hastily put the key into the lock. Even as she did so, a tremor shot through her whole frame; for, in that moment, she knew not how or why, the whispers of the two sailors, that memorable, stormy night on board the South Star, flashed into her mind. What if the chest should contain, not jewels, but—? As she turned the key, the lid shot back with a spring, startling her well-nigh to death. Surely so large and long a lid had never so shot back before! But Geraldine Clytton was not one to yield needlessly to superstition, and she took a good look in at the chest. It was about three parts filled, and evidently had been unpacked, perhaps set in order, since its arrival at its present resting-place. Numbers of small parcels, covered respectively with paper, with cotton wool, with cardboard boxes, as the case might be, completely lined the chest all around, to the width of some inches; they were, no doubt, the jewels; but Mrs. Clytton's attention was caught by what was lying in their midst. Nearly all down the middle of the chest was laid a snow-white damask cloth, lightly covering what might be underneath. Parures of diamonds, no doubt; and she picked off this cloth with so impatient a jerk that the current of air whiffed against the candle, and put it out. But not before she had caught a glimpse of what looked like a human face lying there, with wide open flashing black eyes. At first she could see nothing, the moonlight being so faint as contrasted with the recent light of the candle, and a superstitious terror assailed her, and turned her heart to sickness.

"What a fool I am!" she ejaculated, in a few minutes, "I'm thinking of what the sailors said. Those two things that looked like eyes must be gleaming jewels. And the candle out!—and I not to have had the sense to bring matches with me!"

She put out her hand; she meant to pull them forth, those gleaming jewels, and look at them in the moonlight; but her fingers came in contact with—what? A face. A dead face, beyond a doubt, for it was cold and stiff. A cry of awful terror broke from her, echoing in the silence of the dread room; and Geraldine Clytton flew away, she knew not how or where. Instinct took her towards her own chamber, and near it she ran against Simms, the maid.

"Ma'am, whatever is the matter?"

Seizing the astonished servant by the arm, she pulled her into the chamber, and closed the door. She clung to her as though she would never let her go again. She crouched down in the warmth and light of the fire, her teeth chattering, her breath coming in gasps.

"But what is it?" reiterated Simms, more and more amazed. "Has anything frightened you, ma'am?"

"I—thought—I—saw something in the corridor," came the evasive answer. "Perhaps an owl had got in, Simms."

She caused herself to be dressed: she was alive to the importance of diverting all suspicion from herself, when Mr. Valencia should come to discover the raid on the chest; and she descended to the drawing-room. Mrs. Gore, its only inmate, was asleep by the fire; the major was sure to be in the dining-room, for he liked to sit long and enjoy a private cigar: but where were Auta and Mr. Valencia? A soft, silvery, happy laugh seemed to answer from the conservatory, and Geraldine Clytton turned to it; the mirrors, as she passed them, reflecting her own scared face, into which the warm blood would not come.

Auta was indeed there, with Mr. Valencia. But how? Her hands were clasped in his; his face was all close to her bent and blushing one. For one blissful moment Geraldine Clytton truly thought she saw some deceptive vision that had no place in reality—that could have none. The next, she had awakened to the truth, and stood there spell-bound. She had never dreamt of this. *Auta* his love! when she had surely thought—. But whispered words were stealing distinctly on her ear; words that well-nigh drove her mad, and turned the current of every pulse she possessed into one living anger.

"My heart went out to you from the first, Auta; and I think you could not have misunderstood me. Geraldine? nonsense! She sought me; I did not seek her. I never had a thought of love but for you. My darling! my darling!"

Auta Gore started from his arm with a cry. That angry woman, with inflamed face and haughty mien, was bearing down upon them like one possessed of an evil spirit. Auta never distinctly remembered what followed. There were raised voices, recriminating words, and some strange charge that lifted her very hair from her head. Major Gore stood holding his daughter back; and Mrs. Gore, only half awake, was staring with her cap hanging to one ear by a single string. Mr. Valencia alone remained calm and cool. The first consecutive words came from him.

"I do not understand it any more than you do, major. I do know that this is the happiest hour of my life, for your niece has promised to be my wife; but what it is Mrs. Clytton would accuse me of, I really don't know."

"She can never be your wife," retorted Mrs. Clytton. "You marry again! Would you take a second wife, to murder her as you did your first?"

Mr. Valencia's sleepy eyes for once were opened as wide as his antagonist's.

"Murdered my first wife!" he quietly rejoined. "Thank you. I was not aware I had done anything of the sort."

"You know you did," came the panting answer. "You know that you have got her concealed in that ebony chest; that you had her in it on board, while falsely pretending it was filled with jewels. The sailors knew what was in the chest, and nearly broke out in a mutiny; they said it brought a curse on the ship. *I* accuse you, George Valencia, though you have escaped accusation from others. I have seen the chest and its horrible burthen; I have touched it—the cold dead face of her you keep concealed there."

The bewilderment in Mr. Valencia's countenance gave place to a sudden smile of light, as if the puzzle had cleared itself.

"We will go and see this dead face, if you please, major, all of us. Mrs. Clytton, I must particularly request your company. It will not alarm you, believe me, Mrs. Gore. Auta, my dearest, do not tremble so; I will take care of *you*."

It lay in the ebony chest, exposed at once to their view—calm, peaceful, infinitely pretty. Not the dead face of a once-living woman, but the waxwork model of a lovely child, its dark eyes wide open, and a rose-leaf color on its smooth cheeks.

"When my child died, my little Auta,—who was more precious to me than anything I have yet possessed on earth,—I was fond and foolish enough to have a wax model taken of her," said Mr. Valencia, in a low tone. "I brought it home in my treasure chest. As you may perceive, I have not yet disturbed it. Mrs. Clytton, it seems, thought she would do it for me. My wife was not murdered, I beg leave to state, Mrs. Clytton; she died peacefully in her bed, surrounded by servants and friends, and she lies buried in Brazil. *May* I be allowed to inquire, madam, what can have given rise in your mind to so extraordinary a delusion?"

Ah, they were soon to know. The culprit was Vincent. The explanation he had given to Mrs. Clytton, on board the South Star, was the simple truth, though not quite all the truth. In his propensity for joking—and perhaps really wishing to guard the chest from sacrilege—he had whispered the foolish invention (of the *body*, not the ashes, and hinting at foul play) to the sailors, as the ship sailed out of port at Rio de Janeiro; hence the disaffection and fear that arose among them—Mr. Vincent himself being perfectly aware of the state of things, but enjoying the joke too greatly to contradict it. Geraldine Clytton listened to the man's shamefaced explanation to his master, and rather wished the boarded floor would give way and let her in.

And those were jewels, the parcels lining the chest! And as Mr. Valencia took them out, parure after parure, and tried their glittering beauty upon the shrinking, timid, happy girl, so soon to be his wife, she—that other one—had to stand and bear it.

"But what shall you do with them all, Mr. Valencia?" asked Mrs. Gore. "I never saw so many precious stones in my life!"

"They are Auta's from this hour," he replied. "I did not intend to give them to her until our wedding-day. Mrs. Clytton has obligingly caused me to forestall the gift. Some of them must be reset."

"I don't believe they are so very valuable, after all," burst forth Mrs. Clytton, her agitated voice vacillating between a sneer and a sob; "and—no, mamma, there's no necessity for you to say it! It's *not* a case of sour grapes."

"Of course not," said Mr. Valencia, the faintest shade of a smile at the corners of his sleepy eyelids. "But the next time you accuse a man of murder, Mrs. Clytton, I'd make sure beforehand, if I were you, that it did not end in waxwork."

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"Itch" NEVER FAILS TO CURE "Tetter"

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LETTER No. IV.

SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

To the Editors of the Sat. Eve. Post.

SIR:—In our last letter we concluded our observations on the diseases of the Nose, Throat and Bronchial Tubes, and we now come to speak of *Consumption*, that dread malady in which these affections, when neglected, invariably end.

It is no unusual thing to hear designated as "*a sore cold*," or "*a slight bronchial affection*," symptoms which should excite the greatest anxiety, as indicating the commencement of *tubercular deposition*. When the physician prescribes anything by the stomach, to allay such symptoms, he only *masks* the danger, and gives temporary relief, while the disease itself progresses in the lungs, and becomes more *firmly seated*. Thousands in this way mislead themselves, until the ravages made by the disease render self-deception no longer possible. Instead of the promised return to health, the poor invalid finds all his symptoms steadily growing worse, and grows importunate for relief. He finds that the least exertion increases his *shortness of breath*, and that he is slowly, but surely, *losing flesh*. To quiet his fears he is now advised to "*visit the country*;" to "*take a sea voyage*," or to "*go to a warm climate for a season*." If it be *spring*, he is told he will get well so soon as he can enjoy the "*pure bracing air of the country*;" and if it be *winter*, that he must be patient and wait for the "*coming spring*." But, alas! for those who put faith in these delusive promises! Too many learn when too late that the "*country*" referred to lies beyond the grave, and the "*spring*" is a season which "cometh not until life's fitful fever is over."

Permit us, then, by a simple narrative of the signs by which consumption may be known in its *early* stages, to point out the danger while there is yet *strength* enough in the system to throw off the disease, and under proper treatment to restore health. If the invalid waits for "*purulent expectoration*," "*hectic fever*," and "*night sweats*," he waits for the arrival of the *third* stage, and we need not tell him that when disease is *far advanced*, cure is always difficult and the result uncertain. If, on the other hand, he is treated in the *early stage*, while the system is yet *strong* and the lungs not *broken down*, he can look forward to cure, under proper treatment, almost with certainty.

One of the earliest signs of consumption is *cough*. For a considerable time this is so slight as to be entirely overlooked by the patient, and may scarcely be noticed by his nearest relatives, it being in reality little more than an occasional *dry hack*. It is most commonly observed *in the morning*, on first getting out of bed, but it may also occur *during the day*—after *meals* and after *walking or conversing*. Some weeks or months later, varying with the progress of the disease, the morning cough is attended by *expectoration* of a *clear fluid*, like saliva, and generally *frothy*. After a time little points of *pale yellow* or *grayish yellow* matter make their appearance in the frothy mucus, and as the disease advances this increases, until it almost takes the place of the clear mucus. There is no uniformity in the amount expectorated in this disease. Occasionally the quantity is *very* small, even where there is extensive disease of the lungs; while, on the other hand, it may be profuse, steadily increasing from the commencement until it reaches, in the last stage, *half a pint* or more in twenty-four hours. In many advanced cases the sputa looks *like little balls of cotton or wool*, and in others *is of a greenish yellow color*. Now, when a *dry hacking cough* steals upon a person in apparent health, and without the occurrence of a *cold*, it should always excite apprehension, and lead to an immediate examination of the lungs. It may possibly prove unimportant, for *dry* cough does not always end in consumption; but it is suspicious, and no man who values health will disregard its warning. When consumption follows *chronic bronchitis* the expectoration is in the early stage, a *bluish-colored sticky mucus*, or phlegm, mixed with more or less of *frothy saliva*.

Shortness of breath is first noticed by the patient on running quickly up a flight of stairs, or walking up a hill. In the early stage this is *very* slight, for the amount of obstruction in the lungs is small; but it keeps pace with the progress of the disease. In some it is less a shortness of breath than a sense of *tightness* and *oppression* in the chest on any active exertion. Many persons when questioned in regard to this symptom, will draw a deep breath and forcibly strike the chest with the fist, remarking, "*there's nothing the matter there.*" But, unfortunately, this is no test of the strength of the lungs. Persons who have small lungs experience the sense of shortness of breath much more than those who have naturally large lungs, because the latter can better bear the loss of capacity. This term *shortness of breath* is used in the same sense as *hurried* or *rapid* breathing, or *want of air*, and is often indicated by *sighing*. All persons have their breathing hurried by exertion, but it is easy for the patient to distinguish between the amount of exertion he is now able to undergo and that he could endure when in perfect health. The number of respirations in health varies from sixteen to seventeen in the minute. If a person supposed to be healthy is found to breathe more frequently than this when quiet and not aware that the number of his respirations are being counted, set it down as a sure sign that he has, more or less, *shortness of breath*. The blood requires for its purification that we should take into the lungs a certain quantity of air in a given period of time. The union between the *oxygen* of the air and the *carbon* of the blood is a chemical union, and can only take place in definite proportion—that is to say, we require sufficient air to cause the removal of the carbonaceous impurity of the blood, and if, owing to obstructions in the lungs, we do not respire in from fifteen to seventeen respirations a minute, the required quantity, we must make up the deficiency by breathing more often; and if we increase the number of breaths taken in a minute, we necessarily *shorten* the length of *each breath*. This, then, is what is meant by *shortness of breath*.

Each additional *respiration*, as a rule, increases the pulse about *five beats*. Hence, in consumption, the pulse keeps pace with the shortness of breath. If a person is found to take twenty respirations in a minute, his pulse will be about eighty or eighty-five. If the number of respirations be increased to twenty-five, the pulse will range from one hundred and five to one hundred and ten. This is not invariably the case, but the exceptions are rare. In health the pulse should range from sixty to sixty-eight, the average being about sixty-four beats in the minute. If therefore, you have a hacking cough and slight shortness of breath, on exertion, accompanied by an increase in the frequency of the pulse of *ten* or *fifteen* beats per minute, you cannot doubt the existence of mischief in the lungs, and should instantly set about its removal.

In next Saturday's issue we propose to continue our remarks in a second letter on the symptoms of this most formidable disease.

Your obedient servants, R. & J. HUNTER.

NOTE—Drs. Hunter and Ramsay can be consulted at No. 1312 Chestnut street.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. HARRY SHAW to Miss MATILDA MCNAGHN, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, D. D., THOMAS L. HEMSON to MARY, daughter of Wm. Mills, Esq., both of Germantown.

On the 15th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM JONES to Miss ANNIE S. PETERS, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, assisted by the Rev. Jas. Price, Mr. JAMES BAIRD to Miss REBECCA ROGERS, both of Frankford.

On the 19th of Nov., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JACOB HEYER to Miss CHRISTIANE WOLF, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. N. D. McComsey, Mr. ALBERT JACOBY to Mrs. HANNAH CLEMENS, both of Rising Sun.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ANN SIMPSON, in her 71st year.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH N., wife of John Patterson, in her 35th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. JAMES SLOAN, in his 49th year.

On the 17th instant, HENRY ARMSTRONG, aged 27 years.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS H. HOUSTON, in his 28th year.

On the 15th instant, Miss ELIZABETH PARKINSON, aged 38 years.

On the 14th instant, JOSEPH GREENWOOD, aged 34 years.

On the 13th instant, DAVID E. JONES, in his 67th year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The JANUARY number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "THE FOREST GLEANER," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "THE HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE OR VELVET," which the ladies say is magnificent. The LARGE DOUBLE COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

STEEL PLATE—THE FOREST GLEANER.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE OR VELVET.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Stephen Wharton's Will—Children's Winter Coats—Net, with Grelot's of Wax Beads—Border for a Jacket, Burnous, &c.—Winter Dress for a Little Girl—Handkerchief Vignette.
MUSIC—Ferguson's Polka.
STEPHEN WHARTON'S WILL.
CHILDHOOD. By STELL PARK.
"PEACE." By EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.
MRS. TRUNK. By FRANCES LEE.
MY PILLOW AND I. By MARCIA HOYT.
SUMMER RAIN. By S. FILLMORE BENNETT.
"A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE." By LESLIE WALTER.
SONG. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
PAUL'S STORY; OR, FRENCH LESSONS. By TRACY TOWNE.
CLARICE. By AUGUST BELL.
THE TWO NIGHTINGALES. By ADDIE FORMSTER.
PRAYER. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
INILNESS. By FLORENCE PERCY.
LINES. By IDA MASON.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. HEYDON.
TWILIGHT MUSINGS. By AUNT ALICE.
LOVING MARY. By JENNIE TEMPLE.
ARTHUR'S WIFE.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. With Illustrations.
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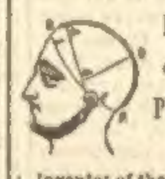

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Divorce Case in the United States.

A woman brought a suit into court for divorce, and had the discernment to secure a particular friend of her own, who stood well with the court, as her attorney. One morning the judge called up the case, and, addressing himself to the attorney for the complainant, said: "Mr. H———, I don't think people ought to be compelled to live together when they don't want to, and I will decree a divorce in this case." Mr. H——— bowed blandly. Thereupon the judge, turning to another attorney, whom he took to be the counsel for the defendant, remarked: "Mr. M———, I suppose you have no objection to the decree?" Mr. M——— nodded assent. But Mr. M——— was not the attorney for the defendant, but another Mr. M———, not then in court. In a few moments the latter came in, and on finding that his client had been divorced without a hearing, and in the absence of his attorney, commenced to remonstrate with the court. Alec listened a moment, and then interrupted him, saying, "Mr. M———, it is too late, the court has pronounced the decree of divorce, and the parties are no longer man and wife. But if you want to argue the case right bad, the court can marry them over again, and give you a crack at it."

The Devil Right.

Dr. H———, who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that an "opportunity would now be offered for any brother to give an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue with an account of a controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered, "Brother, *I think the devil was right!*"

Telegraphic Freak.—Of all the freaks of the telegraph the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge: Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme southwest. When about to start for his new parish, he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church. "Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape, "Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." The sober church officers were sorely discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation, concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.

Spiritual Duty.—Bayard Taylor says:—"I know an American author who was once bored for a long time by a female acquaintance, for sympathy and tender appreciation of her ideas of spiritual duty. 'Mr. Plutarch,' she would say, 'is there a more serene and sublime satisfaction in life than that of discovering your spiritual duty, and then conscientiously performing it? Have you not often, in your own soul, felt this tranquil bliss?' The author bore this for a time, but human patience has its limits. 'No,' he answered at last, 'I hate to do my spiritual duty. If I know what it is, I won't do it; but, madam, there is one thing which does fill me with a serene and sublime satisfaction, and reconciles me to the hollowness of life.' 'Pray, pray, what is it?' she asked eagerly. 'Madam, it is a pig's nose boiled with cabbage!' was his quiet answer." He was never forgiven.

"Ketching his Eye."—A talkative and boastful member of the Minnesota Legislature, while descanting to his constituents upon the great things he would have done for their interests at the previous session of the legislative body, if he had only had a fair chance, &c., declared that on several occasions he had "struggled for the floor" in vain, and that at last, when he got the floor, he found it impossible to "catch the speaker's eye." "Couldn't *ketch* his eye!" exclaimed an old trapper in the crowd. "You jes' take one o' my mink traps with you next time, and I'll warrant you to *ketch* his eye the very fust snap."

A Loving Wife.—A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors, the poor man was knocked under the water-wheel, and the bag with him, he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

The Best Church.—A sailor in giving his opinion of the religious denominations, said, "I like the Episcopalians best," and when asked why, said, "In all other churches you must sit mum and take the jaw, but in the Episcopal church you can jaw back."

A Party to be Ashamed Of.—Swift says, when a man avers that he is of *no party*, he certainly belongs to a party, but it is one of which he is ashamed.

A Persecuted Watchman.—A man was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for simply keeping watch and guard of another man's property.

Why are wooden ships, as compared with iron-clads, of the female sex? Because they're the weaker vessels.

The Cry of the Weak-Eyed.—"Down with the dust."

Clara.—"We are going to get up a dance, Mr. Chiffey; you must let me find you a partner."
Mr. Chiffey.—"Well, thank you, no: not to-night. The fact is, I've had a very hard day's hunting."

Album.—A young country gentleman requested a poetic writer to address some lines to a young lady of his acquaintance, and write them in her album. The poet replied, that not having the pleasure of being acquainted with the lady, not even knowing her by sight, which was particularly important, he could say nothing, of course, of her mental or personal accomplishments. "Oh, if that is all!" cried the young man, "I can tell you all about it! Black eyes and red cheeks, paints *beautifully*, plays on the piano, and dances the best that ever you saw!" "You shall have the whole inventory," said the poet.

Steam Defined.—At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is, ah! ah! steam is steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking-fellow standing by. "But steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

A Debt Forgiven.—An impertinent fellow was met by a gentleman whom he had insulted, who observed that he *owed* him a good drubbing. "Never mind, sir," said the fellow, "I'll forgive you the *debt*."

A NEW POSTAL LAW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Softly let me approach my subject, for I am about to point an index at faults in high places, therefore warily should I draw up the preliminaries for attack, but in the absorbing interest of the onset, I may be excused should I use weapons both piercing and trenchant.

A few months ago while glancing at a notice of a new postal arrangement, I was not powerfully exercised, because my personal rights had not, as yet, suffered practical infringement. Since that time I have had a somewhat sad experience which has served to call me out, and whatever brilliant thing I may hereafter utter, do not unwisely ascribe it to an unusual cerebral development, but to the exciting circumstances which will refer to the aforesaid reprehensible arrangement. Not long since in a city called Troublous, it came to pass that I received a note from the Postmaster summoning me immediately and unreservedly to the dead-letter office! I had forgotten the new postal law to the effect that all letters not paid in full at the receiving office should be treated to an official and relaxing trip to Washington, but supposed that my last bonbon to Sara Amelia, to which I had generously signed my name in full, Henri A. Dolt, Esq., (I do not affix my real name to my effusions) had been carried to Washington, and that some of those (not to say prying) clerks were *au fait* with my style of writing a *billet doux*, which supposition somewhat excited my ire, and I concluded that they might take it back again and use it for another chip to their legal bonfire. But, after feeding my indignation for three days on such condiments as my landlady set before me, (indigestion is said to favor anger,) curiosity, that perplexing virtue, supposed to belong entirely to the gentler sex, and which I suppose I inherited from my mother, got the better of me, and I repaired to the Post-office and claimed the letter.

Within the mutilated envelope I found six photographs, which had set out with the intention of reaching me with a two cent stamp for a passport, but they were interdicted and doomed—had been sent on their travels in an opposite direction. Somewhere on their pleasant journey they had met with an adventure in the form of a plunge bath in some of those interesting rivers at which the cars so often pay their respects on the route between New York and Washington, and there were the six representative Dolts, which taper fingers had carefully and correctly imbued with rainbow hues, in a conglomeration of colored paste. I was, in fact, reproduced in India ink, carmine, burnt-umber, and India red indiscriminately. I lay my six doubles in a row, a tear stole down my manly cheek; even the unrelenting P. M. looked at me rather feelingly. It was not the money expended on these mutilated countenances, I sighed, although I may explain to you that it was a sum, but it is the indignity which I have suffered from that loss, (it began to burst upon me with new force,) and waxing in wrath, I commanded the official to send them back to the metropolis, and inquire into the utility of keeping a man waiting for his own when he was expected to pay the same when it was received; but I went away secretly congratulating myself that I lived in a country where each individual could cry out stoutly against wrong.

L'Ecrivantier.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Learning to Live.

A friend to whom we gave what we thought a bit of good advice some eighteen months since, writes us from the near neighborhood of one of the principal towns of an adjoining state, as follows:

——— 1865.

My dear sir: Acting upon your advice, I resolved, very soon after receiving it, to live for a few years longer by God's help, like a *man*, instead of killing myself like a *fool*, as I have been doing by inches these ten years.

The first look out was to secure such a place as recommended, and, after a week's hunt, I succeeded admirably. Found a snug stone-house—seven rooms—summer kitchen, pump of excellent water at the door, good, dry cellar, nice cow stable, two acres of ground, all substantially fenced in,—rent, *sixty dollars a year*, and the place on a turnpike less than two miles from town. As my rent in Philadelphia was $300, you see there is a handsome item saved in that direction.

As we took possession here in September, of course there was no gardening to be done, but acting upon your suggestion, I devoted two days in every week to preparations for the spring campaign, and as the ground had been but slovenly cultivated, it needed all the digging, rooting out noxious roots, and exterminating weeds, that I could turn my hand to. But by the end of November, I had the three-quarters of an acre that I designed for a garden, clear of all rubbish, and had gathered up from various sources a very respectable compost heap.

As I had leased the place for ten years, with the privilege of renewing at the same rate, or purchasing at any time at $1,100, I thought about starting some fruits and berries; so I put in 1,000 strawberry plants, 40 dwarf pear trees, 500 currant stocks along the borders, 12 thrifty best sorts plum trees close to the house—I am going to see if I cannot conquer King Curculio—and then, out in the pasture part of the lot, I put out fifty dwarf apple trees of Elwanger & Barry's best sorts. Lastly, I planted and trellised thirty grape vines—ten of each sort—Concord, Hartford, and Delaware. All the work was done with my own hands, and, ah, I forgot to say that my dyspepsia went away somewhere before the middle of November, and I have never heard from it since.

During the winter, besides my three days per week of literary labor, my wife and myself, by odd spells, rejuvenated old oil paintings, colored photographs, made rustic frames, and other little jobs for our richer neighbors, enough to buy a fine cow, two nice shoats, pay for ploughing and all the help I should need in planting.

I bought $18 worth of nitrogenized guano, which my neighbors assured me would be all I should require, turning in my compost heap, which had grown considerably during the winter, along with it. As soon as the spring opened, I opened my gardening campaign vigorously. I had a fine lot of peas in the ground, sown on a compost of chicken guano, salt, charcoal, and loam, according to formula furnished, and covered four inches deep as directed, as soon as the frost was well out of the ground. Then I had 250 tomato plants, 100 egg plants, and 200 cucumber vines, all forwarded according to instructions, in blossom, and in the ground as soon as there was a certainty of no more frost.

The remainder of my garden space I got into early cabbages, lettuce, and China and early Valentine beans. The 1½ acres of grass land was ploughed early, put in good tilth, and planted half an acre with early Tuscarora corn, hills two and a half feet apart, four stalks to each hill; half an acre was planted with "white sprouts" and *Monitor* potatoes, in hills three feet apart, and manured in the hill. The remaining quarter of an acre was divided between mangel wurzle, carrots, and parsnips, for the benefit of "Clover" and piggies.

In April, Mrs. Clover gave us a fine heifer calf, which we concluded to make a cow of, and after five weeks we began selling nine quarts of milk a day, at seven cents per quart. That practice we have maintained steadily until the present time. Clover is a capital investment, as her pasturage and slops cost about eighteen cents a day, and we make our own butter, and have two quarts of milk daily for our own use.

In about seven weeks after, our peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, and lettuce were out, and two weeks before anything of the kind was to be found in market, our town customers began to send to us for supplies, and we were kept busy enough picking and delivering. Two of the hotels bid $1,75 per peck for our peas, $2,00 per peck for tomatoes, $1,50 per peck for our early beans, 20 cents a piece for cucumbers, and 8 cents a head for lettuce. That run continued until market supplies from other sources knocked down our tariff, but even then our produce bore a premium, as they told us the quality was better than they could get in the market. Next our corn, cabbages, potatoes, and egg-plants came in several days ahead of all competition, and at corresponding prices.

Thus we have gone through the season thus far, and this morning, on balancing accounts, I find the nett income of our garden $673 29, and we are not nearly through yet, for where my half acre of corn grew, I have a half acre of as fine turnips as ever grew, and the potato part of the field is bearing two thousand famous cabbages.

Now considering that we have had our own supply of vegetables, have twenty-five bushels of potatoes in the cellar for winter, as many beets, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and cabbages as we can care for; that every hour's labor, with the exception of ploughing and planting, has been performed by Nelly and myself, neither of us ever having done an hour's out-door work until we came here in our lives. I say that, taking all these circumstances into consideration, I think we have done remarkably well for the first year.

At Christmas, our two pigs will very nearly fill three barrels, two of which we shall sell, as we keep no help to help eat pork. Next year our strawberries, currants, and grapes will begin to pay dividends. I shall seed a half acre with timothy and clover mixed, in the spring with oats; then I shall manage with roots and corn blades, cabbage leaves, and such like, to make my two acres subsist Clover and Daisy without any other winter supplies, though for their health's sake I shall pasture them eight months in the year.

We have learned to become our own waiters, to milk, make butter, to mend our own clothes and garden implements, and, better than all, we have learned to be independent, healthy, and happy, and to become producers instead of consumers.

And now, my dear sir, if among your circle of city acquaintances, you know of another miserable, dyspeptic good-for-nothing, go at him as you did at me. Ding and din at him—give him no respite until you drive him out into the country to *learn to live*, and contribute something towards the support of others as I have done. Very gratefully yours, M. C. G.

RECEIPTS.

Selected.

Potted Veal and Bacon.—Cut thin slices of veal and the same quantity of nice bacon; then rub together some dried, sweet basil or summer savory, very fine, until reduced to a powder, and lay in a stew-pan a layer of bacon, then a layer of veal, and on this sprinkle the powdered herbs, a little grated horse-radish, then again some bacon and veal, and then herbs and horse-radish and a little salt; on this squeeze a lemon and grate the rind, then cover very tightly and put it into the oven to bake for three hours, then take it out and drain off all the gravy, pour over it a little mushroom catsup, and press it down with a heavy weight, then put it away in a pot tightly covered. This is nice for tea.

Croquets.—Chop very finely any sort of cold meats with bacon or cold ham, rub a teaspoonful of summer savory very fine, pound twelve allspice finely; boil one egg hard, and chop it very fine, and one onion minced fine; mix this all together, then grate a lemon and add a little salt; when well mixed, moisten it with walnut catsup, form it into pear-shaped balls, and dredge well with flour; at the blossom ends stick in a whole clove. Then have boiling fat or dripping in the pan, dredge each pear again well with flour, lay them in the boiling fat and fry a nice brown; then take them out and lay on a soft cloth in a hot place to drain. Serve hot.

Calf's Feet Dressed as Terrapins.—Boil eight feet until the meat leaves the bones, and then remove all the bones; put them into a pan with half a pint of the rich gravy in which they were boiled, and add two large spoonsful of butter; rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs with a small teaspoonful of mustard, a very little cayenne, and salt to the taste. When well incorporated with the eggs, stir all together into the feet and gravy, let it simmer ten minutes, and just before dishing add two wine-glasses of good cooking wine, and simmer again before serving. The broth is very nice for soup, or will make a good jelly seasoned and cleared with the whites of eggs as directed in the receipt for calves' feet jelly.

Sweetbreads should be soaked in water, put for eight or ten minutes in boiling water, and then into clear cold spring-water, to blanch. They may be cut in slices, or in dice, and put into fricassees of meat or ragouts, or they may be served as a separate dish.

Sweetbreads—Another Way.—Two or three good throat sweetbreads will make a dish; blanch as above until fit to eat, take them up and lay them in cold water; when cold dry them well, egg and bread crumb them with or without herbs, put them on a dish and brown them in the oven; garnish them with mushroom sauce, or endives, or spinach, or tomato will do if approved of.

Sweetbreads Fricasseed—White.—Blanch and then cut them in slices. To a pint of veal gravy put a thickening of flour and butter, a tablespoonful of cream, grated lemon peel and nutmeg, and white pepper, to flavor. Stew ten minutes, add the sweetbreads, let them simmer twenty minutes.

The Angel of Peace.—A celebrated general one day, after suffering for a long time from the prattle of a well-meaning lady on the "cruelties of war," and the coming of the "Angel of Peace to all nations," and such-like stuff, remarked that he hoped when the "Angel of Peace" *did* come to all nations, she would come with two *wings*—one of infantry and the other of cavalry.

Reasons for Not Joining the Church.—Two lawyers in Lowell were returning from court when the one said to the other, "I've a notion to join the Rev. Mr. ———'s church—been debating the matter for some time. What do you think *of* it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it could do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 22, 15, 19, is something used by conjurers.
My 4, 24, 14, 6, 18, 26, 16, is a precious stone.
My 12, 18, 16, is a species of fish.
My 7, 20, 10, is a mineral.
My 9, 24, 21, 18, 15, is a reptile.
My 19, 25, 11, 23, is a Dutch coin.
My 4, 22, 21, is a fish found in the Severn river.
My 5, 8, 3, 23, is a kiln to dry malt or hops.
My 10, 20, 26, 21, 13, 12, is a quadruped found in Madagascar.
My 14, 26, 10, 2, 17, 20, 23, 13, 21, is an optical instrument.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States.

Cincinnati, O. "CINCINNATUS."

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 7, 23, 27, 32, 12, is a contributor to The Riddler.
My 4, 8, 30, 14, 35, 31, 25, 1, 20, 28, is the space measured by a revolving body.
My 29, 11, 31, 3, 16, is a small but excellent fruit.
My 13, 34, 2, 15, 22, 18, 26, is a quadruped now extinct.
My 9, 24, 17, 5, 13, is poison.
My 6, 10, 21, 19, is a garment.
My 35, 10, 37, is an industrious insect.
My whole is what every one should do.

Bryan. F. M. PRIEST.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 8, 12, 6, is a synonym for "young man."
My 1, 2, 8, 4, is a description of medicine.
My 9, 2, 11, 4, is an abbreviation for a man's name.
My 1, 3, 6, 6, 4, 7, is an article used in boating.
My 10, 7, 7, 4, is a part of the body.
My whole is a city in the Union.

C. H. W. M.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Purer than dew-drops, gemming
The bosoms of sweet flowers;
Gayer than music ringing,
Thro' hope's exultant hours;
Brighter than all earth's brightness,
O'er woodland, sky, or sea,
Is my first in joyous beauty,
With untried spirit free.
My second, worn by many,
Some humbly, some with grace,
Is met with, often shading
Some fair and lovely face.
Of life my whole is sweetest,
And as the long years flee,
We look back with vain yearning,
For that no more to be.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy's name.
A color.
A boy's name.
A pronoun.
A Greek letter.
A name of Ireland.
A large city of Italy.

My initials and finals form the names of two planets. S. H. G.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What are the axes of a maximum ellipse inscribed in a quadrant of a circle whose radius is 10?

Pine Grove, Pa. REUBEN BARTO.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A young man was informed that it would require 9½ square yards of cloth to make him a suit of clothes. The cloth that he purchased is 1 4-5 yards wide, and on sponging will shrink 8½ per cent. in width and length. Required, the number of yards of the above cloth to make him a full suit. JAS. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find four positive integral cube numbers such that the sum of any three of them shall be a rational cube. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What lock frequently represents union without unity? Ans.—*Wed*lock.

☞ What lock is most in request among physicians? Ans.—*Lock*jaw.

☞ What lock must be looked for *out of doors* and on the ground? Ans.—*Hem*lock.

☞ What lock is generally lost in the decline of life? Ans.—Lock of hair.

☞ Why is a carpenter more ugly than other men? Ans.—Because he is a deal plainer.

☞ Why should the stars be the best astronomers? Ans.—Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—William Charles, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. ENIGMA—Charles Carroll. DOUBLE REBUS—Panther, leopard. (Pearl, ale, Nero, trap, Havana, oar, reed.) RIDDLE—Speak, peak, pea. CHARADE—Henry. (Hen, rye.)

Answer to R. H. Walter's Charade, published Oct. 7th.—Truth.

The attention of the mistress of a family was lately called to the fact that a little colored girl was constantly seen lying on the grass-plat, with her face turned up to the sun. Upon being questioned why she assumed that posture, she answered, "Why, misses always lays de tings on de grass what she wants to make white. I want to get white, too."